THE HICKMAN COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

By GEORGE WARREN, Hickman, Ky.

OFFICE—Heinze Building, Clinton St.

GEORGE WARREN, Editor.

Price of Subscription, $2.

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

ESTABLISHED 1859. HICKMAN, FULTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1882. VOL. XVII.--NO. 44.

Fine Job Printing
—EXECUTED—
With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS.
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

HEROES OF THE SHORE.

Alone the coast-guard moves upon his beat,
Where the mad ocean leaps against the land.
With steady, sleepless eye and weary feet,
Through the wild bitter night along the strand.
He pauses—ah! a light—a vessel's light
Is rising, falling with the angry waves;
O! must the awful tempest in its might
Hurl fellow creatures helpless to their graves?

Red gleams his reaching signal through the dark;
Beware! Beware the perils of the shore!
Too late! the helm is gone; the fated bark
Strikes on the shoals; the waters o'er her pour.
O sleepers, waken to the fearful cry
That now comes speeding landward through the gale!
Haste! noble coast guard, haste! For succor fly;
All, all are doomed to perish if you fail!

Swift come the men, roused by the breathless call;
Out o'er the wreck their saving line they send.
Ah! women, children! see, they rescue all!
Safe! safe on shore where kindly arms extend.
Honor the coast guard for true victories gained!
Raise the glad voice of joy, the song of praise!
Let gratitude and justice unrestrained
Give to these aging men some sunny days.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMICE'S WEDDING DAY.

I was always glad when my rounds happened to lead through Sandridge-by-the-Sea; there were many places where I met with kind friends enough, who were pleased to see the old peddler, who had served them for so many years, since they were children themselves some of them, but somehow I liked the tramp to Sandridge best of all my journeys.

One bright spring day I came to Sandridge in the afternoon, and as I neared the place I stopped to speak to an old comrade of mine, who was breaking stone by the roadside.

"Any news up yon?" I asked, when we had passed the time of day to each other.

"News!" he grunted, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; "news, you say? Well, there's more news than I care for, anyhow;" and then resumed his work.

"Come, Sammy," I said, laying down my pack, "you're put out a bit. What's up?"

"What's up?" he repeated—he always had such a tiresome way of doing that, had Sam Penfold—"well, a billet's up."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, just this: they ain't got room for the soldiers that are quartered at Ley, so they've handed them on to us; and neither with your leave or by yer leave, in stalks a great six foot feller, right into yer house, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'That's his billet,' says he, and there stays as free as you please, whether you want him or not."

I laughed at Sammy's grievances, and reshouldering my pack, prepared to walk on.

"Going to Ben Ryder's" asked Sam, with a parting grunt.

"Aye."

"Then you won't get lodgings there," he said, with a grim satisfaction; "he's got a billet, too."

Somehow I did not like the idea of a rough soldier being quartered at Ryder's house, though it was no business of mine. It didn't seem just right of Ben toward his motherless girl, but p'r'aps it wasn't any fault of his. Anyhow, I would wait before I came to any hasty conclusion on the subject.

Up the cliff I toiled with my load, and as I neared the top, Amice came out to meet me as usual, but whether it was fancy or not I couldn't tell, her face seemed to look paler and graver than it used to be. She wore her usual fish-girl's dress of coarse home-spun; but stuck in front of it was a cream colored rose, a thing I never saw Amice wear before in my life. She wasn't given to frippery of any sort.

"Come in, Paul," she said, holding out her hand toward me. "You're as tired as you can be, I'm sure."

Just the same welcome as ever; but there was something in the ring of her voice that told me that I wasn't altogether wanted there that day, or at least I thought so. However, sitting down in the porch, I stopped on for some little time, making her tell me all the gossip of the village. Of course, the arrival of the soldiers came up among other things, and by the flush that overspread the girl's pale cheek, as she told me this bit of news, I felt sure that the mischief was done, and that Amice Ryder was heart-whole no longer.

"Did your soldier give you that rose, my lass?" I asked suddenly.

For the first time in my life I saw Amice angry. She did not vouchsafe any answer to my question, but, rising from her seat, she turned abruptly away and busied herself in the house, getting some refreshment for me, which I hardly deserved after my impertinence.

As I smoked my pipe peacefully in the porch, I thought it all over, and made up my mind that it was nothing to me if Amice had a lover. Her father could look after her interests better than I could; only soldiers were such queer chaps; they so often pretended what they never meant, and I was too fond of Amice to see her treated that way.

Suddenly, as I sat in the quiet spring sunshine, I saw a man toiling up the ascent that led to Ryder's cottage. His red coat hanging on his arm showed him to be a soldier. His hat was off, and I could see his face distinctly.

"Amice," I called out loudly, "Amice, come here." Then as she neared me, I continued: "Is yon the man that is quartered here, at your father's house?"

For a moment she looked out a little anxiously; then said, quickly:

"Yes, that's him, Paul."

Without another word I left her and walked down the steep road within a short distance of the approaching figure; then I stopped dead and waited for the man to come toward me. He was looking down on the ground as he swung himself up the steep way. Suddenly he raised his eyes and they met mine full. Ah me, how his face changed as he did so.

"What do you want now?" he gasped out.

"Only to let you know that I am here, and can guess the game you are playing," I returned. "As long as you remember that, you're safe from me. Forget it, and I shall keep silence no longer."

With a rough laugh he turned and left me standing alone; then I slowly remounted the rocky path with a heavy weight at my heart, and prepared myself for what I could say to the girl who was waiting for my return above. She stood watching me from the porch, where the roses were growing in their wild beauty, and I could see a wondering sort of look in her face as I came near her; but she never spoke a word or asked a single question. I was a bit out of breath after my tug up-hill, and as what I had to say wanted all the calmness and quietness I could muster, I waited silent for a time; then took her hand in my withered one.

"Amice, my lass," I said, "I've known you since you were a wee thing toddling about here, and seen you grow up into the woman you are with near as much pride as your own father could do, and on the strength of that old friendship I want you to make me a promise."

No answer, only she held her head a bit higher, and looked me straight in the face unflinchingly.

"Will you grant an old whim, Amice?" I said again.

"I must wait until I hear what it is first, Paul?" she replied.

"Well, it's this. I've a strange fancy to be one of the guests at your wedding, Amice, and the promise I want from you is this: five days before your marriage send me word to come to it."

She laughed merrily, her old unconscious laugh, that somewhat hurt me to hear.

"O, you silly old Paul," she said, blushing slightly, "is that all you've been making such a mystery about? Well—yes, I promise."

I looked at her earnestly.

"Amice," I said, "you have given me your promise, and I trust you. Whatever persuasion you may get to the contrary, you give me your honest word that old Paul, the peddler, shall [illegible] your wedding?"

"Yes," she said, "I do, Paul, really and truly."

Only a few months passed away before the summons I had been fearing came. Amice was going to be married and wrote to bid me come to the wedding.

There were few railways in those days, remember, so I had to start on foot and walk day and night in order to reach Sandridge in time, and a heavy jaunt it was, for I was not so young as I used to be.

Many greetings met my ears, and many a laugh was raised at my sorry appearance, for I looked travel-stained and weary enough I warrant.

At last I reached the little lych-gate leading into the old churchyard, and there my spirit almost failed me, for on the ground lay the pretty flowers that the children had thrown before the bride as she walked up the path. But, nerving myself for what was before me, I entered the open door almost unnoticed. Then I saw Amice as she stood in her soft gray gown with her beautiful head drooping on to her breast. I only looked at her, I say, and the sight gave me courage; no man living should harm her while I lived to prevent it, but my task was a hard one for all that. Stepping forward through the little crowd of villagers that looked on, open-mouthed, to see me, I made my way toward the group in the chancel:

"Stop!" I called out aloud, holding up my hand; "this must not go on."

"For what reason am I to stop?" said old Parson Leigh, who was a-marrying them, startled by my voice, and not knowing how to act.

"Because," I said, covering my eyes with my hand to shut out Amice's face from my sight "because that man is my son, and he's married already."

"Is this true?" says Parson Leigh, his voice shaking a little with the sorrow he felt.

"It's just a downright lie, sir," he said, simply enough, "and I am ready to prove it. My father's here to speak for himself, and heaven knows why any one should want to come between Amice and me like this."

I looked up bewildered as the man spoke, and then in an instant the awful mistake I had made flashed across my mind; this was not the man I had seen coming up to Ben Ryder's house at all; this was not my son, but a younger man, and different in every way from that poor wandering fellow. For a minute something seemed to come into my throat and prevent me from speaking. But presently the words came: "I withdraw what I said entirely, sir, and I humbly ask your pardon for the mistake I made, which I will explain later on."

Outside the cottage I stopped, and beckoned the two out into the golden sunlight.

"Amice," I said humbly enough, "I have to ask your pardon for my behavior toward you and yours this day. The man who lodged at your father's house was my son, and it never entered into my stupid head that it might be another soldier who was courting you. I only thought of him, and, knowing his ways, made up my mind to have you from him, though he were a dozen times my son. He has never caused me anything but trouble since he was a lad, and such trouble should never cross your path through one of mine. It is on his account that I have to tramp the country from year's end to year's end, and it is on his account I dare not settle in one place, knowing that he would only bring disgrace on me if I did so. It is from this man I tried to save you, and you must forgive a half-blind old man's mistake, when you remember how hard it was for a father to denounce his own son. Now good-bye, and heaven bless you both."

Then I had to make my way off as quick as possible, for fear an old man's salt tears should bring ill-luck on Amice's Wedding-Day.

An Eclipse Story.

Apropos of the recent solar eclipse, a story worthy of Hacklaender has recently gone the round of the German papers. It appears that on the morning of the event alluded to Captain Von S——, of the ——Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his Sergeant-Major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade: This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill-shed. The Sergeant-Major, having set down his commanding officers instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack-yard, by order of the Captain and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps. The Captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person. Should it rain the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed."—*London Telegraph.*

—The amended law of the United States in regard to timber claims requires but ten acres to be planted to timber on each quarter section, or a corresponding proportion on eighty and forty acre lots. The conditions are as follows: Five acres on each quarter section are to be broken the first year, cropped the second, and the additional five acres broken. The third year five acres must be planted with trees 4x4 or 2,700 to the acre. The fourth year the remaining five acres which were cropped the third year are to be planted in the same manner. The trees are to be cultivated for eight years, when there must be 675 living trees to the acre. This obtains a patent to the land.—*Chicago Times.*

—Josh Billings says that a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

The First Stroke of Republican Campaign Work.

The first stroke of Republican campaign work, as usual, is to levy blackmail on the office-holders. The Congressional Campaign Committee has assessed the officers of the two houses of Congress, from the clerks down to the page boys, a per centage of their salaries. This was followed by a similar assessment of the rest of the ninety thousand persons who hold office under the United States Government. There is a Federal statute against the collection of moneys from officers and employes of the United States Government under which General A. M. Curtis, Treasurer of the Republican State Committee of New York, suffered conviction the other day. But this statute is easily evaded and is not at all likely to stand in the way of the collecting agents of the Congressional Committee. A polite request is made by that committee for contributions from the office-holders and they get some very polite and significant hints from Administrative sources that the safety of their official heads will depend on a favorable response on their part to the request of the committee. The office-holders will contribute, as they have done in the past, some of them willingly, others under constraint, only a small number probably possessing sufficient courage to refuse. The average sum levied upon each of them will not be less than ten dollars and the aggregate will probably reach three-quarters of a million.

Thus the people in their efforts to turn the Republican party out of power find their own taxes converted into a corrupt but powerful agency for the defeat of their purpose. The salaries paid out of the revenues wrung from the taxpayers are tithed by the Republican Congressional Committee to create a fund to be employed in thwarting the taxpayers' will. Even the salt in the poor man's meat and the sugar on his table contribute to swell the coffers of the Republican campaign managers. And this blackmailing of the taxpayers through the office-holders for the support of Republican campaigns has been going on for years. It is a safe estimate to put the aggregate of the moneys squeezed out of the earnings of the people in this way by the Republican party during the last fifteen years at ten millions of dollars. This is rather an extravagant sum to pay for the privilege of being misgoverned, though there is even a stronger objection to the policy of assessing office-holders for political purposes than that based on its cost to the people in dollars and cents. It teaches the office-holder himself that the governing power is not exercised by the people so much as by the managing politicians who corruptly control elections. It suggests to him that as his party can rob him of a portion of his salary with impunity he may be protected by his party in robbing the Government in turn. Still more and worse, it is aimed at the integrity of the voters and the purity of the ballot-box. The immense sums that are raised by contributions levied on the office-holders are not exhausted in the payment of printing bills and the distribution of documents. Closely contested States and Congressional Districts have been literally bought up more than once by money collected by assessments on the officers and employes of the United States Government. The Republican plan of conducting moneyed campaigns is therefore simply damnable from the moral point of view. —*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

Hedging the Assessment Question.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of our Half-breed contemporaries to flee from the wrath to come, or in more vulgar parlance to hedge, with respect to the assessment question. They are full of virtuous protest against the tone of the circulars sent out by the Republican Congressional Committee, but the work still goes bravely on. As a rule, the Half-breed organs are in sympathy with the Half-breed leaders, but we do not see how they can take exception to the blackmailing document that is sent with merciless impartiality to laborers, errand boys, widows and orphans in Government employ, and still claim to be in harmony with some of the most prominent men in their faction. For the Congressional Committee is by no means of exclusive Stalwart composition. "My dear Hubbell" was a Garfield man when Garfield was alive, whatever he may be with Garfield dead. Henderson has Blaine leanings, at least, when Blaine is mending fences instead of building houses, and the three Senators, Hale, Allison and Aldrich, would hardly consent to be held up as representing the Stalwart wing of the party. But the Secretary signs the circular "by order of the Committee," a unanimous order so far as the circular shows, or so far as we have any outside light to go by. In short, we do not see how the Administration can be held primarily responsible for this dirty business, anyway. The victims are directly or indirectly of Federal appointment, it is true, and must look to the President or his immediate subordinates for sacrifice or protection; but the blackmailers are Congressmen. They belong to the legislative branch in which the Half-breeds claim that their Representatives largely outnumber the Republicans of the Stalwart stripe. It would hardly seem fair should the Half-breed organs succeed in making capital out of the disgrace for which they are most largely responsible. Moreover, in this sudden assumption of virtue there is something suspicious. If assessments are right in principle it is no worse to levy them in an "off year" than it is in a Presidential campaign. It may show that the exigencies of the party are greater than usual, but not that its methods are any worse—only put to a little harder service. In short, we have natural objections to seeing the Half-breed scheme for eating the party cake and keeping it, too, succeed. The Half-breed organs know as well as do the Stalwarts that they have enjoyed at least eight years of power which they would not have enjoyed except they had employed this and other forms of moral compulsion, and in the excitement of another campaign they will use the same bridge again, with a fervent prayer that it may not be too rotten to carry them over.—*Boston Post.*

—A young doctor who found himself in a Dakota village without a dollar to pay a heavy board bill concocted a plan by which a wandering tramp played the part of a small-pox patient, and the doctor vaccinated the entire population of the town with some innocuous acid at two dollars each. The swindle was discovered too late, for the enterprising physician and his bogus patient skipped out with $300 apiece.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—In the middle of June the snow lay thick at Balmoral, Scotland, and the cold was intense. Snow also fell in Fifeshire and in Norfolk, England.

WE ARE THE SAINTS.

The earth is for saints, and the fullness thereof,
And we are the saints, beyond question;
Though this to outsiders may seem rather rough,
And trouble their sleep and digestion.

The party's united, as clearly you see,
And that, I am sure, is no wonder;
For why shouldn't people unite and agree
When moved by such promise of plunder?

Combining our force in the usual way,
The surplus we gallantly captured;
Whatever the mass of the party may say,
The leaders are highly enraptured.

There's scarcely a chance that our fellows have missed,
In rivers and harbors and pensions;
And all through the session the tax-eating list
Has grown to enormous dimensions.

The people, you think, are beginning to kick?
Is that what you want to be saying?
Before we get through they'll have cause to be sick;
You don't know the cards we are playing.

We've got it down fine from the census reports—
The list of legitimate voters,
Of all the persuasions, complexions and sorts,
Including the darkies and floaters.

We mean to have offices, contracts, and such,
To tie the majority to us;
And then, with our money, no matter how much,
'Twill puzzle the rest to undo us.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fortunate Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania Democrats have been unusually fortunate this year. Their State Convention has been conducted with perfect harmony; the spirit of the party is everywhere enthusiastic, and every independent voter in the Keystone State, even without the help of the outspoken platform, would recognize the ticket nominated at Harrisburg as the only effectual rallying-point of the opposition to "bosses" in this year of revolts. Not one of all the candidates named at Harrisburg was so much as tainted with a suspicion of "bossism." The nominee for Governor, Comptroller Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia, was elected to the important office which he now fills in 1877, running somewhat ahead of his ticket, but as the Republicans were then staggering under the weight of the Hayes fraud of 1876, this fact attracted little attention. Mr. Pattison made so good a Comptroller, he so distinguished himself by his keen attention to the public interest and his fearless opposition to all sorts of jobbery, that, notwithstanding some unpopularity with one wing of his own party, he was renominated in 1880, and soon developed into such a formidable candidate that the Ring Republican standard-bearer was hastily withdrawn and a safer nominee substituted. Mr. Pattison, however, was re-elected by an overwhelming majority, running 17,000 votes, or about twenty-five per cent. ahead of the Hancock Electors, and carrying the city by 13,000 votes, while the other Democratic nominees were defeated by 20,000 votes. This notable circumstance led the *World* to commend Mr. Pattison last year to the Democrats of Pennsylvania as an eligible nominee for Treasurer. He has now been selected as the Gubernatorial candidate of the party even in preference to so strong and popular a Democrat as Mr. Eckley Coxe, of Luzerne, and this selection gives the country the best possible assurance that the Democrats of Pennsylvania have no idea of aiding the Camerons. It will encourage the Independents to continue their warfare, since not the most timid of reformers can excuse himself for failing to support Mr. Pattison by alleging that the interests of the State would be safer in the hands of General Beaver. It will be said of course here and there that Mr. Pattison's reputation is purely Philadelphian, and that he may suffer as a candidate from the long-standing divorce between the city and the rural districts. But it must be remembered that only through the vote of Philadelphia has the Keystone State been kept in the Republican column, and Mr. Pattison has already shown himself capable of making a formidable inroad upon the Republican majority. From still another point of view Mr. Pattison's nomination is to be commended. The Harrisburg Convention is the first great Democratic gathering of the year. It has assembled just at the moment when the country is asking itself where the audacious extravagance of the Republican majority in Congress is to end, and what curb can be put upon the impudent disregard of decency and of efficiency in the Civil Service displayed by the Republican National Committee and the Republican Administration. Mr. Pattison's nomination proves that on the great living issue of economical and business-like government the Democrats are sound beyond peradventure. Ex-Speaker Randall's denunciations of Republican recklessness on the floor of Congress are echoed at Harrisburg by the nomination of a public officer of proved capacity and integrity, whose strength with the independent and respectable voters of his State overlaps the lines of his own party. In this sense the nomination is a matter of National interest, and should it ripen into an election, those who remember the political events of 1852 will not be surprised to see it become a matter of National importance. Democrats all over the country will do well to invite Republicans all over the country to compare the standard-bearer of the Democracy in Pennsylvania with his rival, the agent of a "boss," committed by a machine convention to the policy of "Addition, Division and Silence," and pledged against reform in all its phases and shapes.—*N. Y. World.*

—New York City has the youngest burglar on record. He is eight years old and his plain unvarnished name is George Johnson. He was arrested in company with thieves much older than himself, and when questioned as to what part he played in the depredations, said: "I'd be a fly an' pipe off the perlice while de udder fellers were working the inside racket." When asked what he did when strangers approached he replied: "Yell 'Cops,' an' skip de gutter." Instead of locking the boy up the "perlice" sent him home to be spanked and put to bed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—An Allentown Constable recently saw some suspicious looking characters, one of them masked, dividing some money behind an old stone quarry. Being a Constable he thought they had earned the money, and were merely wearing masks to keep their noses warm. He was afterward greatly surpised to hear that a farmer had been robbed. No arrests.—*Philadelphia News.*

—James Fogarty, of Chicago, tried to eat three quarts of peanuts in twenty minutes on a bet of $5, and it took a surgeon a whole hour to get the shucks out of his throat and call him the biggest hog in America.

—A too funny man named Bristol threw a chew of tobacco to an elephant attached to a circus, exhibiting at Cleveland, Oswego County, N. Y., and barely escaped being killed by the enraged animal.

—There is a postmaster in Louisiana named Takeaway, but he only takes away a salary of $25 per year.

Old Maids.

It is less than forty years since that courteous gallant and fopling of phrases, Mr. N. P. Willis, characterized the class of single women as "The Dried-ups." One can not imagine a writer of equal reputation, a gentleman of equal breeding committing such a discourtesy today. From his point of view it was as if a hunchback should be taunted with his bent spine, or a cross-eyed man with his obliquity of vision; for he assumed that unmarried women were celibate because they were so plain, so poor in charms, so unattractive, that no man would marry them.

If literature and society are better mannered now, regarding single women with courtesy and often with admiration, it is because our theories about them are made to square more nearly with our facts. It is matter of common observation that in every circle some of its most delightful members are maidens past their youth. They are cultivated, witty, gracious, hospitable, charmingly dressed, *dimpante*, from the ruff at their throats to the rosettes on their slippers. Are these the women whom men pass by? Or there are those others who do not choose society, but who are the *dea ex machina* in so many households, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; the incarnate judgment, wisdom, economy, liberality of the family. Are men so dull that they do not see how these bountiful ones hold happiness in their hands and scatter it broadcast?

Thackeray, that tenderest of cynics, that most serious of jesters, declared that any woman might marry any man, if she would. And it is certainly true that most old maids have declined to pay the price of marriage. The just cause and impediment which have withheld them from the holy estate of matrimony have been from within, not from without. They certainly do not hold themselves too good to marry. They concede that true marriage is the ideal state. But it has been their fortune not to find that other half and fulfillment of themselves, whose coming could alone justify the vowing of vows. They are too honest, too brave, and too pure to use marriage as a make-shift. And it is plain that there cannot be in existence more thoughtful, more large-hearted, more self-sacrificing, more modest, tender and truthful women than these.

As the world comes to see that a woman is as separate an entity, as distinct an individuality, as a man, it will pay less and less regard to her accidents and more to herself. It will not take it for granted that she has had a "disappointment" at a tender age, or buried her youthful lover, or been the victim of a "misunderstanding," if she write herself *Miss* at forty. Nor will it audibly wonder why a charming woman is unmarried after twenty-five. It will admire her for her admirableness, whether that has had the certificate of some man's expressed approbation or not. It will permit her to live her own life.

But though it was the old notion of feminine incompleteness and subjection which made the lot of single women a reproach to the unthinking, they themselves have not been blameless. Their patience has been too endless, their meekness too long-suffering, their submission too complete. Almost with one accord have they consented to efface themselves, as the French say, grieving the while in silence that married sisters and preoccupied brothers-in-law and gay young nieces—alas, that even disappointed parents—were so ready to efface them. For there is a certain sanction in acceptance. When they acquiesce in the general verdict that they are nobodies, they enter the final judgment.

Self-sacrifice is a virtue much misunderstood. To deny one's self for a great end, to help the weak, to relieve the burdened, that is heroic. But only to sew for the idle, to take steps for the inconsiderate, to pamper vanity and folly with endless services, to be an unpaid upper servant for inappreciative kindred, to make one's self of no account that selfishness may prosper, this is slavish, and perpetuates tyranny. This degrades and belittles her who ministers, as it inflates and misleads her who is ministered unto.

The single woman may maintain that precious dignity of bearing which commands respect. If her plate be below the salt, it is left her to prove that where MacGregor sits is the head of the table. Nor should she slight her dress, and put away from her the ornaments and graces of life. They are her armor and defense, her argument and appeal. For it is for her to show, in her own person, how much more is the woman than the wife, and how incontestable is her right to a place in the house, in society, and in the world.

All women love love. The hope of a home of her own, of a fond husband and the touch of baby hands stirs early in every maiden's heart. It is with a sense of loss and hardship that she sees that hope fade without fruition, when

"the God of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Comes to her in His silent rounds
And says: "No more."

But life is full of compensations. It is left her to enjoy, to labor, and to aspire. Perhaps it is left her to illustrate, as her more fettered married sister can not, the real capacity, the actual power of achievement, of her sex.—*Harper's Bazar.*

French Marriages.

They are so unlike anything in the same *couche sociale* in England. All the wrangling about settlements is over, and happy couples and their relatives and friends lay themselves out to spend the day as merrily as they can. A wedding is in France a union of two families as well as two persons. There have been many hitches and difficulties in the way of fusion; but now that it has taken place it is thorough. The fathers of the bride and bridegroom are *comperes*, the mothers *commeres*, all the connections are "allies," and the relationship in which they stand to each other is really expressed in this word. It is an understood thing that they are bound to render friendly services to each other. The whole of the fortune with which the bride has been endowed may go, if her husband survives her, to his family; and all his money may eventually enrich hers if she outlives him. It is also well understood that, should commercial or other disasters overtake the newly-wedded couple, both families are to assist them. The principle of each family group maintaining its unfortunate members, and not throwing them on the State, is even more distinctly recognized in French custom than in the Code. This is why marriages celebrated in England between young Frenchmen and English girls are frowned upon by the relations of the former, and every advantage is taken which the law gives to set them aside. Zola's pictures of *bourgeois* life are, in the main, false. They are more applicable to the aristocratic than to the middle class.—*London Truth.*

Man's Relation to the Lower Animals.

Since many writers opposed to the practice of experiments on animals have based their objections entirely on moral grounds, and thus made the question of vivisection an ethical one, I have been anxious to know what laws they have discovered for our guidance on this vexed subject. They discourse on cruelty, on immorality, and on the rights of animals; but these expressions are so vague that they fail to afford any basis for legal or public action, or, if there be any attempt at definition, it is with the object of making these terms conform to a foregone conclusion on the very point under discussion. Thus it is constantly asserted that physiologists feel at liberty to torture animals at their pleasure, without regard to the "higher dictates of humanity" or to the "laws of morality." It is thus implied that there exists among the public some principle of conduct toward the lower animals which has no place among experimenters. They speak as if, [illegible] on a higher platform and [illegible] all creatures [illegible] superior position, they could frame a code of laws which should have due regard to the rights of animals, and govern our own conduct in all our relations to them. This position is altogether fallacious; man can not disconnect himself from the animal world, and can not define its rights. It must, therefore, be abandoned as altogether untenable, and the subject discussed from a totally different standpoint. Our relation to the animal world can only in a very qualified sense be regarded from an ethical point of view; much in the same way as eating and drinking may be spoken of as questions of morality when moral considerations exert their influence over the amount and kind of food which we consume; this, however, can not hide from us the fact that the subject of digestion is fundamentally a physiological one.

The duty of man toward animals as an abstract question is from its very nature insoluble; it can only be partially answered on the grounds of expediency, and these will vary according to age and nation. We should, rather, ask what is our relation to the lower animal world, and in what place in that relationship can moral considerations come into force? In endeavoring to form a judgment of this relationship we must take facts as we find them, for the attempt at an explanation is trying to solve the riddle of our existence, and leaves us still with "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Dog and the Cat.

A gentleman in this city owns a fine large dog named Major. Major's hatred of a cat appears to be deep seated, and he will kill all that comes in his way, and will often go out of his way to vent his spite on his enemies. His master's wife had a cat which she determined Major should not harm, and she took great pains to impress the big brute with this idea. She would take puss in her arms, carry her up to the dog, and while stroking and petting her, would talk to her enemy reprovingly. The intelligent dog seemed to understand every word she said, but for all that he would keep his eyes fastened upon puss with a longing and hungry look, as though anxious to bring the pressure of his ponderous jaws to bear upon her spinal column. But his mistress conquered, and made him understand that he must live on friendly terms with puss. More than once he had been seen watching the cat with a look of evil intent, but out of respect to his mistress he conquered his nature, and would throw himself upon the ground with a sigh expressive of deep disgust at the situation. The cat was disposed to be on friendly terms with her enemy, but Major would not tolerate the slightest familiarity. Whenever puss approached him he would get up and go away with a melancholy look, which seemed to say: "I am dying to kill you, and its dog-gone hard luck that I can't do it." Thus matters went on for some months, and puss began to incur the displeasure of her mistress by sneaking up-stairs at every opportunity and making trouble by curling herself up and taking naps on the snowy counterpanes, and doing such other untidy acts as would naturally arouse the ire of a neat housekeeper. One morning the lady told her husband that the cat was so troublesome that she guessed it would have to be killed. A few minutes later a rush and a struggling noise was heard and as the lady of the house hastened to the door to see what had happened Major walked up to his mistress and laid at her feet the dead body of puss, then looked up with an air of triumph, and wagged his tail with intense satisfaction He had heard his mistress express the wish that puss might be killed, and this was so in consonance with his own feelings that he went right out and finished the cat. Major resides on Temple Street. —*Hartford Times.*

"Tompin" and Chic.

A word used by some of the ultra-delicates of the end of the Second Empire, the word "tompin" is beginning to come into vogue again. One of the smart young men of a leading boulevard journal has written two columns on the subject. I heard the word used in the divan of the Cirque d'Ete on Saturday. It is being adopted in the clubs; in short, it is a word coming into fashion. What does "tompin" mean? In general terms "tompin" is an imperfect "chic," of a kind between "chic" and sham "chic." Sham "chic" is loud, parvenu; real "chic" is discreet, natural, distinguished, but unobtrusive; "tompin" is a "chic" that betrays effort, preoccupation, excess of accentuation; a "chic" where the task is not irreproachable and the initiative not discreet. The smart young man of the boulevard journal spoils the study of "tompin" by his instances. The word "tompin" applies to shades, to nuances of elegance, and elegance is never absolute; it is always relative to the person who displays it. The question is at bottom one of sentiment, of tact, of feeling. The truly "chic" person will give, in his manners and exterior, an interpretation of the sentiment of "chic" that he conceives within him with certitude, but which he could not, perhaps, explain. The man who is "tompin" will be so from the want of this sentiment, or from the uncertainty of it. Matthew Arnold is "tompin" in his eternal war against Philistinism. The Prince of Wales is never "tompin."—*London World.*

—The New York *Mail* says: "We pay Brazil $50,000,000 a year for coffee, $50,000,000 of it in cash." We didn't suppose that the *Mail* was such a profitable concern. We don't believe there is a paper in Norristown that could afford to pay $50,000,000 a year for coffee.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* declares that a lovely young rosebud of a cadet at West Point is "the owner of 120 pair of white duck trousers."

—Whoever heard anybody complain that griddle cakes tasted flat?

A Yakoot in New York.

A reporter for the *Sun* yesterday found a Yakoot, probably the first man of that race ever in the United States. The Yakoots are a Siberian tribe of Asiatic origin; they live on the shores of the Lena, where Captain De Long and his party found snowy graves. The name of this Yakoot is Mr. Brakhim. He is of middle stature, with hardly any hair on his chin and lip, though he is twenty-five years old. His prominent cheek bones and the square contour of his face show his Asiatic origin, yet his eyes are rather those of a white man. His legs are somewhat bowed, owing to an apparatus which the Yakoots use in training their babies. Mr. Brakhim speaks his own Yakoot language and also Russian, though with a peculiar accent.

"What induced you, Mr. Brakhim, to leave Yakootsk and come to this country?" asked the [illegible]ter in Russian.

"In 187[illegible] there was a [illegible] brought to [illegible] number of Yahoots, Buriats, [illegible]stiaks, Kirkhizes, and members of other Siberian tribes as samples of Russianization. I was one of the Yakoot samples. Once in St. Petersburg I decided to see more of the civilized world. I have been in France and in England, and now I want to see America. I would like to study this country, its people and its institutions."

"Are the Yakoots a numerous race?"

"There are about 250,000 of them. They lead a semi-nomadic life along the Lena and its tributaries. Twice a year they change their abode. In summer they settle on the numerous islands of Lena and on the shores of the other rivers, where they mow hay and cultivate a little barley and still less rye. In winter they move to their winter quarters, where they stay for seven long, cold months."

"What is the chief occupation of your race?"

"We keep cows and mares. We use the mare's milk to make koumiss. The rich men among us own from 100 to 500 cows and half that number of mares. The poor own about a dozen cows. A man who is worth a thousand roubles (about $700) is looked upon as very wealthy. We supply the gold miners with butter and meat. We keep a few deer, and with them make excursions to the Ice Ocean.

"Our villages consist of a number of tents, built regardless of any order, so that we have no streets. The tents are square at the base and pyramidal in shape; they are built generally of rough posts, put side by side. The rich men, however, use cut wood, or even make houses. There are small windows about a foot square, with ice panes during the winter, and with sheets of mica or small pieces of broken glass set in birch bark frames during the summer. Glass panes four inches square are the largest I ever saw in the houses of our rich people. The ice windows last through the winter, although fire is kept on the hearths night and day, and when they melt we know that the time has come for us to move to our summer quarters. We do not move our tents, which are left standing permanently in both the summer and winter quarters. The stables in winter adjoin the tents, so that our cattle have the benefit of the fires. Ample yards, with high fences, complete the picture of our village."

"What about your people?"

"The Yakoots are of middle stature, and have straight black hair, broad noses, prominent cheek bones, and eyes that resemble somewhat those of the Chinese. The men cut their hair short and leave a long loose lock on the back of the head something like a Chinese queue. The women have rich black hair, which they always cover with a handkerchief. The Yakoots are not prolific. A family usually has about three children. They are friendly and peaceable, and the women are regarded as equal to the men in every respect. Monogamy is strictly observed.

"In the morning we drink tea—brick tea. We scrape it with a knife, boil it in a clay pot, and drink it with milk. The rich families use also a little sugar, which they bite off in small pieces. We have no bread at all, for we cannot bake it on our hearths. Bread is a great luxury, and when one of us brings a loaf of it from the city of Yakootsk it is divided into small pieces and distributed around. We have, however, barley flour, of which we sometimes prepare a kind of bun or custard. About noon we eat *butuhas*—that is sour milk mixed with fresh milk and water and a powder made of soft pine bark. Sour milk we keep for months in large pits dug in the earth. Of course it is frozen hard, and we cut it with axes. About three o'clock we again eat *butuhas*. Before going to sleep the well-to-do people eat meat, while the poor eat more *butuhas*. Sometimes we have barley gruel and other preparations of milk. In winter we occasionally have fish."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Sentimental Editor.

A few evenings ago we saw a lovely illustration of [illegible] adage, "Every cloud has a silver lining." The entire sky was a dull gray, almost leaden, save in the northwest, where there was an oblong bank of billowy clouds intensely black, each having an edge of bright silver that deepened into gold. Around the clouds the last rays of the sun rested in indescribable beauty. To our mind, ever ready to forget the practicalities of existence and grasp at its beautiful fancies, the scene was typical of life and death. The sky was life, the clouds were the enormous sorrows that sometimes darken it, the silver was the radiant peace that God alone can give, and the gold represented that happiness merged into the perfect bliss of heaven, while the sun but faintly pictured the glorious brightness of the "Sun of righteousness" that turneth the light into day and the shadows into light.—*Cumming (Ga.) Clarion.*

A Horse at the Pump.

Our Dumb Animals, of Boston, the organ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is responsible for the following story: One day last month a lady whose home is at Portsmouth, N. H., was enjoying a ride through a village near that city, when her attention was drawn to a horse at the roadside, near a respectable looking house, trying to pump water into a trough to drink by seizing the handle of the pump with his teeth. Owing to lack of skill or some defect in the pump the horse was unable to get the water. The lady gave the reins to her sister, alighted, and drew a bountiful supply to quench his thirst. The horse evinced his sense of obligation to his benefactor as intelligibly and politely as a gentleman could express his thanks for a like courtesy, and the lady returned to her carriage and resumed her drive.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dartmouth's income paid its expenditures the past year—the first time in twenty-two years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—*American History.*

—A marble church to seat 600 people is to be built as a memorial to his son by Mr. B. F. Bennett, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore. He will present it free of debt to the Cross Street congregation of Methodists.

—A rare experience for a minister is that of Rev. W. F. Parker, of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis. In thirty years' active service in the pulpit he has been called on to bury but three members of the congregations for which he was laboring.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The *Independent* has kept up its examination of Methodist church statistics, and from a study of the spring conference figures finds that there are now 97,236 probationers and [illegible] members, an increase in probationers since last year of 9,816 and a loss in members of 1,214. The official tablets of the church contained unfortunate blunders which made out a loss of 10,675 members and 19,053 probationers.

—A curious petition has just been presented to the General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland. It seems that the Rev. John Campbell, Minister at Iona, uses his church for strange and unusual purposes. At one time pigs were kept in it, at another cattle were housed in the sacred precincts; while every winter, for some time past, it has been converted into a stock yard. On one occasion the church was so full of corn and straw that service had to be held outside. During the past six months the church has been closed altogether.

—One of the college jokers in Connecticut climbed a telegraph pole and tied a fine copper wire around thirteen of the telegraph wires, and ran it to the ground, and connection with Boston and New York was broken for two days. The college student had been studying chemistry or something, and the first thing he learned was that the connection could be thus broken on a telegraph wire, and he hastened to turn his knowledge to some practical use. The telegraph folks have learned that a heavy club applied to a head causes great pain, and they are anxious to test it on the aforesaid student.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, met about one hundred gentlemen in London recently, to confer as to future plans. There were present representatives from many towns in the kingdom, as well as from London. Mr. Moody said that he had in hand sufficient invitations to keep him hard at work in Great Britain for the remainder of his life, and he was urged to return to Chicago at once. He proposed, however, moving about Scotland for a short time, and then visiting Paris for a fortnight. After that he hoped to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England. Liverpool might probably be reached next spring, and London last of all, where a long stay was necessary. It was ultimately decided that all future arrangements should be left in the hands of the London committee.—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We are pained to learn from Paris that Bernhardt has "lost the irresistible grace of her smile;" but, then, why doesn't she advertise for it?—*Elmira Free Press.*

—"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Yes, judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."—*Boston Post.*

—A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her father in this city saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw. The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

—"How supremely beautiful Nature is, this morning," said the city guest as she looked out upon the sunrise. "Nature is trying to rival you, Miss," said Farmer Robinson, gallantly. "But she has to get up mighty early in the morning to do it." Perhaps the morning coffee didn't taste better after a compliment like that.—*New Haven Register.*

—A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the Court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, Judge; one of the 'it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A fashion item says skirts of satin duchesse are very handsome in the "Soldat Belge" tints. We should think they would be. Why the Soldat Belge tints were not brought out in dress goods years ago is a mystery to us. What are they "Soldat" anyhow?—*Norristown Herald.*

—What steadied the train: A commercial traveler thus relates his experience: He and his companion were the sole occupants of the smoking car. They tried to converse, but the road was so rough they were pitched from side to side like ship's passengers. At last they were able to make each other understood. One said: "Dan, the old thing is running smoother." To which Dan replied: "Yes; I guess she has got off the track."

—Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session in Austin, Tex., and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother: "Am I to get a second piece of pie after I get through with this?" "Indeed you are not." "Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration the better for the material interests of the country.

—She kept a boarding-house, was the mother of five romping boys, and had a nervous old bachelor lodger who was too civil ever to complain of the annoyance their pranks caused him. One day, when they had been particularly frisky, and were galloping along the corridor on which his room was situated, she encountered him at the doorway and observed, with a feeling of maternal pride: "Splendid little fellows, aren't they, Mr. Martin? What would you do if you had them?" For a moment he looked like a man in whom the soul of a Herod was struggling for utterance, but resuming his natural reserve replied, with deadly calmness: "Turn them into an apple-orchard, madam, while the fruit was green."—*Chicago Times.*

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN. : : KENTUCKY.

SORROW.

I would not weep because the roses die,
I do not murmur when the red leaves fall;
But when blue beef goes mounting to the sky,
I weep above my soup, and that is all.

I have not wept, when wintry blasts have roared,
Because the summer flowers were in the snow;
But when wood sells nine dollars for a cord,
I wept for that; I would not have it so.

I would not weep, because the birds of spring,
With autumn's leaves and summer's flower's are fled;
I only sob because I played a king,
After the other man an ace had led.

For birds, and leaves, and buds, I do not weep,
Foolish the heart that for such trifles "hollers;"
I do not mourn for things supremely cheap.
My human grief mounts upward into dollars.
—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

BITTER-SWEET.

I.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom. Into the woodland from far below came a murmur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk and laughter of the fishermen mellowed by distance. Right down through the sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tinkling and gurgling to the sea.

The dim fragrance and dappled lights and pleasant sounds of the day made a three-fold joy to a young girl who stood beneath the trees in the April noon. She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow. Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft green mosses full of the sweet rain that had fallen all the previous night. With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about her face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading hand.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body, when alone with nature in spring, after a long illness. To this full content of hers, all the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background.

And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, carelessly whistling, treading gayly over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and paused on the further side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face. Just one moment, and he turned off a little higher up and sprang across the stream. Only one look, and there might have been no second; their lives might have glided apart forever, but for an accident—or what we call an accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life. As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall. He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly toward him. "I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful look for a moment, went quickly along the path that led toward Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying. At a turning she met a tall scholarly looking man.

"I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my child?" he said, anxiously.

"My hat fell into the brook, and it is so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gentleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk." And she waved her hand toward the woods below. They found him faint and white; but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and pear trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.

II.

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlatives, it is when love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations, but not of friends. None of the bloom had been worn off her soul by that playing at love called flirtation. She had read, with a certain solemnity, some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and shifting as dreams generally are.

Her father had taught her Greek, and so "she chanced upon the poets," and their thoughts had given flavor to her own. Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as if she must cross the narrow bound of time into the wide spaces of eternity; but slowly death had let go his hold, and she was well enough now to enjoy the change to the quaint Devonshire fishing village, perched in the rift of a headland among ancestral trees and bowers of ash and apple and pear.

It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and the shingly shore. The houses rise one above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers. Its only inn is a temple of bric-a-brac, and, in summer, is crowded with pilgrims visiting one of the shrines of nature. In this sequestered solitude the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doctor, after two or three days, limped into Margaret's sunlit sitting-room, into which the light filtered through a network of budding apple boughs. Here he would sit and watch Margaret at work, or listen to her as she read some Old World book to her father, her fresh young voice contrasting with the ofttimes crabbed style, and as he thus watched her she grew inexpressibly pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was all.

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning ffaection of her life. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," then fades away. But once more it lies about the man and woman in the mellow time of youth with a beauty that baby eyes never yet beheld and earth borrows of this heavenly light. Did ever such sunlight pass through the rosy film of the apple blossoms that nestled against the wall and made a bower before Margaret's window? And as for the blue bay gleaming below—was it really so cruel after all? Did so many husbands and fathers and sons lie tossing in its depths. It looked so caressing, washing the feet of the red cliffs where the greenery crept down to meet it.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-screened room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, now fully leafed, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones. On fine evenings the three would sit on the little semi-circular pier that inclosed the "quay pule" and watch the sunset fading and the darkness nestling down among the wooded headlands, and the great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose that touched the water. After that the sky would swiftly fill with stars, and the moon would spring into the airy silence, and her light would penetrate sky and sea and cliff-hung village, the lights would appear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward.

All this fed the warm friendliness he felt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife. But of that delicious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life that must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman—what did he know? Nothing.

His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. She was one of those women, passionate, yet sweet and pure, with sensitive bodies that quiver with pain at any strong emotion. If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another; perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of his.

They lingered on till the honeysuckle woed the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when, the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, just before sunset, when the day has lost its weariness and the sky is calm, and the sunshine is dimmed by a soft haze.

Mr. Townsend had left them in order to write a letter which he had forgotten, and the others had sauntered toward the village in dreamy silence. Then she became aware that he was asking her to be his wife, telling her that she was the sweetest woman he had ever seen. Whence then her sudden shrinking from him, as in fear?

"I am not good enough," she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a timid woman, but in the midst of his wooing he was vexed at her humility, not understanding it, [illegible] he was only offering her a [illegible] of first-fruits [illegible] harvest of he[illegible] would come when she did not know its value. He d[re]w her to him and kissed the brown head and laid it on his breast. She began to cry—she had been so greedy of joy lately, and here was its perfection!

And he?—well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature. And yet she was not the ideal of his past, which ideal had been compounded of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juliet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice, and dear Desdemona—in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into one.

She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined toward sadness; for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, half jestingly.

"Sorry!" she said, and, with a frank yet coy gesture, she nestled close to his heart.

III.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction. It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture. It is built in the form of a cross—indeed, its main street is called Crossgate. In one of the arms of the cross—the one toward Woodleigh, with its famous old castle—are the best houses, in which the smaller gentry and the professional men live.

At the end of the Woodleigh road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meeting in the Cloverleigh woods. It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends, and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gayety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness. The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, filled with comfortable furniture, softly cushioned chairs, and low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingy-looking dados, no sad-looking disclored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As Margaret was not æsthetic, she preferred cheerful chintz and soft velvet.

Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green. There were oak shelves filled with her favorite books, a writing-table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantelpiece a jar of Venetian glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons. In spring there were primroses and violets—even a few tulips; in summer roses and mignonette; in autumn and winter ferns and mosses, with perhaps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden, was a great elm overhanging the lawn, and the flower-beds were as old-fashioned as the house.

In this room of Margaret's, John Enderby loved to rest in his intervals of leisure, watching his wife with an interest and a strange timidity that grew deeper day by day. Poor Margaret felt him further from her, and a shadow fell across her life that the birth of her little son could not wholly chase away. When the child was about nine months old it happened that she was often alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, not only among the rich, but also among the poor—for he was gentle as well as skillful. Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child! What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings!

One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on her knee—a brigh[illegible] brown-eyed boy, ve[illegible] baby stretched out his dim[pled] arms to his father, then with a child's mischief withdrew them, and hid his face on his mother's bosom with a cooing laugh. She bent her head down on the fluffy curls, and caught his little bare feet in her hand (he had pulled off his shoes and socks, the tiny rogue!) and she kissed the rosy toes with lovely mother worship.

"Look, John," she said; "isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this precious baby? What should we do without him?"

She was flushed and laughing, arms and heart full too; but a sharp pang flashed through him.

He answered, quietly, "Yes, he is a fine boy for his age," and, bending down, kissed him; but he went away after that without further speech. It often happened so now, and Margaret could not divine the cause; so she was hurt, and turned more and more to the baby for comfort.

On this occasion the doctor went to his study, locked the door and sat down to wrestle with himself, also to take stock of his forces for that wrestling.

Terrible and sweet revelation to the man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallen in love—fortunately with his wife. This, then, was the meaning of his silence, his jealousy, of the tearing away of his old pleasant friendliness toward her. This love of his was no flame that would flash and die out, but the strong white heat, the very soul of the heavenly fire.

He remembered now how she had said, "I am not worthy." Now he understood—she had loved him at that time—how far away it seemed—with the whole force of her being; and he—well, with self-depreciation and some well-deserved self-blame, he saw his blindness and the terrible risk he had run. He wanted only his wife; his Margaret; but what if he, Margaret's husband, had never felt this delight in her? Might he not have met some other woman for the sake of whom he would possibly have been tempted to repent his marriage?

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage, "ere life-time and love-time were one," and he was being pushed now, for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Was she, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of motherhood is stronger than all other? He worshiped her now with the full sacred passion of his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her? She would be always sweetly dutiful, he knew that—but duty, wifely duty! A man is nothing if he does not want more than that; and what was his life to be if she and the child dwelt apart in a little paradise of their own? He was jealous of his own child. At this point the man threw himself on his knees and finished his conflict there, and it was well for him that he did so.

IV.

The very names of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, carry us back in thought to the world's dawn; but their modern antitypes are to be found everywhere; in the fullest perfection among women, sad to say, and more perceptible in a country town than in a city.

And when poor Job—feminine Job especially—is sitting in the ashes of desolation, then do they, softly seated on the cushion of self-righteousness, proceed to comment disparagingly on the sufferer's past behavior.

Now, Eliphaz & Co. were not wanting in Windborough society, and in the case of John and Margaret soon perceived "the rift in the lute;" and being low, mean souls, they set to work to find a low, mean cause for it, having no idea of the higher love between man and woman.

They were three middle-aged spinsters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony in spite of an earnest desire to do so. When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, alas! even those sad and scentless flowers were denied them. So these three had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness of nature which the masculine portion of mankind had sagacity enough to perceive and to avoid. Miss Moss, Miss Brown and Miss Jones were friends, and much of the mischief in Windborough might be traced to them. For instance had they not discovered Mr. Blight the curate's shameful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old flirting ways again! If he had married a sensible, intellectual person, she might have cured him by carefully looking after him; but now his attending the meetings of the Book Club without his wife, and walking home with little Miss Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no good. So said they, shaking their heads. This was after morning service on Sunday, and they resolved that on Monday morning, while the Doctor was away on his rounds, they would call and enlighten his wife. "It will do her good, poor thing," they remarked.

So the three came on Monday morning, and after a few commonplaces, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can see that you are suffering, poor dear, and no wonder!"

Margaret looked at them bewildered. "I am quite well, she said.

"But about the Doctor, my dear; we have known him so long and understand his ways. If you had been a little more experienced you would have looked better after your husband."

"But he is not ill," answered the wife, still more bewildered.

"Not in body," remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; "but in mind, we mean; he pays great attention to the Frys next door, you know."

"And Miss Fry is very pretty," added Miss Jones.

If she had not been so angry Margaret would have laughed; John had walked home with their neighbors twice, and she was very fond of them. John might not love her; that she had found out, she thought; but she knew him to be the very soul of honor. She was generally so quiet that when her anger blazed out they were startled.

"Will you be so good as to leave my husband's affairs alone!" she said. "If you wish to be wicked there is no need to show such bad taste as to come here and endeavor to do harm."

And then they, feeling that for once they had been vanquished, quickly took their departure. But their words had left a sting behind them.

Was it so visible, then, even to these gossips, the fact she had found out some time ago, namely, that she was not to him all that he was to her? When she had discovered it she had determined to take thankfully what he could give; but, alas! beloved, who will be grateful for a few crumbs, seeing a full meal beyond? The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food. Well, she tried not to blame him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but there was her baby.

She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage: she only clung to the child—such a frail little reed to lean upon. And one day it broke.

It was a Sunday—one of those sweet days in the late autumn which nature saves out of the summer. The trees had lost their leaves, and the sunshine showed all their delicate irregularity—their beauty of mere form, which had been hidden by the foliage. The golden asters and red geraniums still brightened the sheltered garden. A ball was lying on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers that had played with it would never touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fast to a land in which, let us not say, there are no toys for the angel children. You remember Martin Luther's letter to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a lovely Paradise, with golden toys, whips, and drums and childish delights.

This little child was dying of croup. His mother could only hold the little form on her knee, while John knelt beside her trying useless remedies to comfort her. At last he stood still, looking down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing life.

Suddenly he knelt and touched the little clenched hand with his lips, and heavy tears plashed down upon it—his dear little boy; it was hard!

Margaret bent forward. "You do love him, John!" She was jealous for him that he should have his full share of love before he went. John understood, and his look answered her. What instinct had made her ask?

The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter; it was near the end now, and little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the first and last time, quite clearly: "Mamma." That was all she was to have—the one word, and the angels would have the rest. Terrible, awfully mysterious death had borne away the spirit of the babe, left only the little body cold and white as a snow-wreath; but a smile hovered on the tiny face.

At that moment the bells rang out for morning service, filling the clear air with their solemn merriment.

"And the bells of the city rang again," said John, softly. Margaret could weep then, and the nurse took the dead child from her arms and went softly out, shutting the door.

V.

So John comforted his wife, but her grief grew silent. She was gentle to him, but her thoughts were with the dead child. She told herself that it was better that he should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps play in the golden streets; but she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again. Mothers' hearts are hungry things, and she felt that she had nothing left. Her husband divined this mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his new love could not penetrate her silence.

After a while her strength failed; and, in great anxiety, he brought her back to Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had been bowered by the apple blossoms; but blossoms and birds were all gone now. Here Margaret grew restless; her thoughts turned from little Jack for the first time, and the afternoon after they came she wandered out by herself to the woods above the house. The sun was shining and there were one or two late daisies in the grass. She stooped and gathered them. Her baby had been fond of them, and she had made him so many chains of them in the past summer, and he had broken them, with his little coo just like a bird.

She went on, dry-eyed and desolate.

She started. Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife, and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy. Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flower. It had been unjust of John to take her without loving her. He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step and turned to hide from him, but the trees were bare now. Half curiously she looked at him. He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground. Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face. Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes. He looked up and saw her pale and slim in her black dress, but there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ear how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before. "I am not worthy, dear," he said, having also learned the divine humility.

So the bitter changed entirely to sweet; not suddenly, for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels. And that time was chronicled in her soul as "the winter our baby died, and I first knew how dear I was to John."—*The Argosy.*

A Dog in a Well.

On the North road, about four miles from the city, lives a highly respected family named Stetson, consisting of a young man and his wife and the aged and infirm sire of the lady. The old gentleman is crippled with the rheumatism to such an extent that he cannot leave his chair, but is wheeled about the room by his daughter. The Stetsons are the owners of a large powerful dog, half mastiff and half Newfoundland, noted for his intelligence and sagacity throughout the whole neighborhood, while a near neighbor possesses a little shaggy Scotch terrier. Between this ill-sorted pair the strongest friendship has grown up, the dogs being almost inseparable. Mr. Stetson has been digging a well, and had reached a depth of twenty feet, but had not yet walled it up, when about a week ago he and his wife found it necessary to visit Elmira on business. The wife drew her father's chair up to the window in the sunshine, and otherwise rendered him comfortable, and left him watching the gambols of the frisky, strangely-matched friends.

Mr. Stetson had not more than driven out of sight when the little terrier fell into the well, which contained about two feet of water at the time. The old dog was almost frantic and lost his canine presence of mine in a wonderfully undignified manner. He would look down into the well at the yelping, paddling terrier and then howl and run to the window, scratching on the casement and otherwise exhibiting all the evidences of almost frantic grief to attract the old man's attention. Suddenly he paused a moment and looked grave, as if collecting his scattered senses. Mrs. Stetson, before leaving for town, had taken in the washing hanging on the clothes-line, coiling up the line and laying it on a bench. The mastiff had seen the workmen draw up pails of water by means of the rope, and an idea seemed to strike him. Seizing one end of the rope in his teeth he ran to the well with it and commenced slowly drawing it up to him and lowering it into the well. The helpless old man at the window who was watching the proceedings with breathless interest, then saw the old dog commence pulling up the rope by walking slowly away from the well. Slowly and carefully the sagacious old mastiff drew up the cord, when up over the side of the crumbling walls came the muddy, dripping form of the almost exhausted terrier clinging to the rope with his teeth. When Mr. Stetson and his wife came home the old man attempted to tell his story, but it was so incredible that they could hardly believe it, but upon Mr. Stetson's going out to the well he found the mud-bedaubed rope lying where the old dog had left it, and the prints where it had cut into the soft earth sides of the well were plainly discernible.—*Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

Sanitary Condition of Summer Resorts.

Within the last few years the demands of the public in regard to health resorts and watering places of this country have increased, not only as to quantity, but as to quality. Quite a number of people now require not only bathing, boating, and amusements of various kinds at their summer resort, but also that they shall have some assurance that they shall have pure water to drink, and that the air which they are to breathe shall not be rendered offensive or dangerous by imperfect systems of house drainage. At the present time the dangers from fouled water supply, especially if this be derived from wells, are in most places much greater in boarding houses than in the hotels proper, and this is due to the fact that the hotel proprietor is usually not only sufficiently a man of business to understand the importance of keeping up the reputation of his house for healthfulness, but his attention has been called to the close connection which is now generally believed to exist between such diseases as typhoid fever, diarrhœa, diptheria, etc., and methods of sewage disposal, and he therefore pays more attention to sanitary engineering details about his premises than does the keeper of the average boarding-house. The tendency of all popular health resorts is to become unhealthy, because they depart more and more from their original type, which is that of a temporarily-occupied camp, and tend to become villages, with village methods of water supply and disposal of excreta. This appears in foreign health resorts as well as in this country, and the insanitary condition of some of the most famous watering places is a common topic of discussion in European medical and sanitary journals. It would certainly be wise on the part of those selecting a summer retreat to give as much attention to the water supply and drainage as they usually do to the table in making their selection, but it must be confessed that at present it is difficult to obtain satisfactory information as to the sanitary condition of such places without a personal visit to the locality. We advise our readers to look before they leap, for to leave one's comfortable city home in pursuit of health and pleasure, and contract typhoid as the result, is too much like going out to look for wool and coming back shorn.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

—Miss Daisy Faralee (of Boston)—O, Mr. Cheviot, I hear you have just returned from the West! Now do sit down and tell me all about Chicago and ranch life!

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

It is said that if the stems of cut flowers are cut again *in the water* they will remain much longer fresh.

—Carbolic acid is very useful as a preventive of insect ravages. Radishes may be protected from maggots, and orchards from borers, by its use. A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystallized carbolic acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Ducks may be bred in a small pen, where there is merely a tank of water four feet by two, and two feet deep. Many of the eggs, however, will be unfertile. For success on a large scale, a good-sized pool of water is essential. The birds should have the run of a field. Care should be taken not to overfeed breeding ducks, and if early eggs be required, meat diet must be given and warm quarters at night.

—Mothers who have taste, time, and a little skill can make pretty and suggestive things for the baby. Damask spreads for the little bed are lovely if the pattern is outlined with crewel, either blue or pink; choose a pattern with reference to this work. The square patterns are pretty, outlined with little stars in the center. Plain white spreads may be ornamented with a border of buttercups or daisies, or with simply one little carefully careless bunch in one corner. Torchon is not only pretty but durable to trim the pillow-cases for the baby's bed. —*N. Y. Post.*

—Laying hens or pullets do not require such food as will induce them to acquire a superabundance of fat, for this at a certain stage prevents the production of eggs, rendering the birds sluggish, and disposed to fatal diseases. When the birds are to be fattened for immediate consumption, then strong, fat-producing food is needed, and in liberal quantities. Corn, in its different forms, is the best and cheapest, no doubt, for this purpose, while for laying hens, wheat, wheat-screenings, etc., are preferable, and generally used by successful poultry breeders.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Puff Paste: Use one pound of butter and one pound of flour. Sift the flour, and then sift into something else a little additional flour for sprinkling and rolling. Wash all the salt from the butter; then divide it into four parts: put one-fourth into the flour, and divide the remainder in six pieces; mix, with a knife, the flour and butter into a stiff dough, sprinkle a little flour over the paste-board, flour the rolling-pin, and roll into a thin sheet; then put, in little bits, at equal distances, one-sixth of the butter, fold the paste, flour it and roll again, and so on until the butter is consumed. Divide into as many pieces as you wish pies, roll each piece and put into pans previously buttered. Always roll from you.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Hogs.

It is a trifle early yet to think of predicting what the corn crop will be, for although the season has thus far been so unpropitious, in many large sections of the west it is not unusual to get a very satisfactory crop, even when the planting has been done after the middle of June. But appearances certainly indicate that the crop will be far below the average, and if that shall prove to be true, it means that pork will be high. It, therefore, behooves our swine breeders to do all within their power to reap whatever advantage there may be promised. During the summer it costs little to keep the hogs growing and improving, and a little extra care to that end, always profitable, is doubly so when prices for hog products promise to be above the average. One of the beauties of keeping hogs is that the animal consumes almost anything that is offered it. It is a mill that grinds the refuse of the farm into value, and very much that the hog eats, would be thrown away and wholly lost, if it was not thus fed. Therefore, although the corn may be short and the price correspondingly high, swine may be kept growing, of course, without it, and they may get considerable of their fat from food that is worthless for other purposes. Thus the refuse of the farm, under such peculiarly favorable circumstances, will be made worth a great deal, and may make the cost of pork production, even if corn shall be high, comparatively moderate.

When corn is high, of course it is desirable to get our hogs into market as soon as possible, and it will aid us to do this by leaving as little for the corn to do as possible; in other words, let the hog have every advantage which the season naturally gives, and see that nothing is wasted which nothing else but the hog will profitably consume. Hog raisers seem to be greatly favored just now. We hear very little of sickness among swine. There has seldom been so little complaint in that respect as for the last several months. This apparent freedom from disease, however, should not induce swine breeders to be careless of the health of their hogs. Human beings ward off disease by carefully protecting themselves, keeping themselves free from contaminating influences, regulating their diet and keeping cleanly. Animals must be treated similarly if we would keep them in health. If the advice that we have given, to help the hogs growing, were more generally obeyed we should have less "hog cholera." Instead of building up one part of the animal to the neglect of another part, we should then succeed in getting a symmetrical development. The animal would be strong enough to bear the fattenning process without injury. The hog should have clean, healthy surrounding, or it will be a marvel if it keeps in health. It should, also, even in apparent health have an occasional dose of charcoal. That will not only do it good by imparting carbon to the blood but it will absorb the injurious gases of the system, which are often the specific poisons that breed disease. There is nothing in this world that is so good for the health of swine as charcoal.—*Western Rural.*

Food in Tinned Cans.

It is stated by Prof. Heimer, in the London *Lancet*, that tin, even when quite pure, is much more readily attacked by canned articles of food than is commonly supposed. He has made an examination of a large number and a great variety of such canned goods, finding tin in comparatively large quantities in nearly all of the samples examined. Thus, in the line of acid fruits, as peaches and cherries, the metal was found corroded to an alarming extent. Meats, and even condensed milk, had taken up and become contaminated with sensible quantities of the metal. A can of soup showed the presence of one-half grain of tin to the pound; one of condensed milk, one-eighth of a grain; and a can of oysters, about seven-tenths of a grain to the pound. Prof. Helmer, continuing his examinations in this line ascertained that soda water, and all other varieties of aerated beverages which fell under his observations, and which were conducted through tinned pipes, contained appreciable quantities of tin.

—A son of the late President Tyler was lately arrested in Washington for drunkenness. "Although a poor, besotted creature," says a Syracuse *Journal* correspondent, "he is one of the most courtly and polished men, in demeanor and conversation, to be found in Washington. One who has not seen him accept an invitation to take a drink, and the air with which he will take it, has never seen a true Virginia gentleman of the real old style."

—Cashiers in China are not paid salaries. They depend for their remuneration on buying imperfect coins and passing them off on their customers.

—Waschauer is a murderer imprisoned in Vienna who has confessed the killing of a young woman of the town under remarkable circumstances. A committee of physicians appointed to examine into his mental condition reports that he is insane, and his derangement is said to exhibit the peculiar feature that he really believes himself to be sane, but in the hope of escaping punishment, has been endeavoring to feign insanity.

—An old fashion has been revived in Philadelphia, by a barber, who visits each client at his house, instead of compelling him to wait at the shop an hour or two before the "next" belonging to him is shouted.

OLD CRUSTY, who has two pretty daughters, says he has kept a bull dog for years for the express purpose of distributing the Sunday males.

"IT is hardly fair in you to steal my thunder," as the cloud remarked to the lightning-rod. "Oh, I shall draw it mild," the rod replied.

THE Third Avenue Horse Railroad of New York has had to pay $20,000 for crippling a boy. The price of a full-grown New Yorker has heretofore averaged only about $50, but of course everything is going up in price.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GO and see "Aladdin," and envy the girls their cool costumes.—*Boston Post.* If you want to see Aladdin a cool costume, go to any river bank.—*Philadelphia News.*

AS to "what is rarer than a day in June?" the Boston *Advertiser* replies, "taking their number into consideration, a day in February." And so it is in other respects, for some of them are positively raw.

BE sure and have a little hole in each of your fly-screens; then the flys can get out of the room when they are tired of staying in.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SAID EDITH: "Mr. Squires told me last night when I was out walking with him that he would never marry." Said Alice: "He said the same to me when I was with him the night before, but he mentioned your name immediately afterward."

WHEN a boatman breasts the breakers, and the white foam breaks from the bow like cascades of cream, it is not wholly inappropriate to say that his scow gives milk.

A STATISTICIAN computes that 150 tons of human hair annually change hands in France. It is impossible to give the figures in this country, as the Indians keep no records.—*Detroit Post.*

A YOUNG lady being told by a friend that silk dresses were very much worn, said that she knew it, for hers had two or three holes in it.

ALWAYS look on the right side. A mighty ugly hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Some Outspoken Statements of Great Value from Parties of the Highest Standing.

When the people of America become so thoroughly aroused, and on a subject of such serious importance as the preservation of their lives and health, it is but natural that the ones who have been largely instrumental in the origin of this movement should speak frankly and directly to the people most interested. It is for this reason that we thus come before the public and make the following revelations.

Every careful observer who has sought to keep pace with the march of events has noted the alarming increase of certain peculiar physical troubles within the past few years. These troubles have come at unexpected moments and in a most treacherous way. They have manifested themselves in innumerable forms, but they have always had the same cause. They have not afflicted the minor parts of the body, but have gone direct to the strongholds of the system, and their work has usually been as prompt as it is fatal. Their treacherous and deceptive nature has often prevented a careful analysis of what causes them, and, as a result, intense suffering and final disaster have usually ensued. The real cause, however, has been a derangement of the kidneys, and all of these troubles are, in fact, the first symptoms of the terrible Bright's disease, which has cast its dark shadow over so many homes in the land and is increasing wonderfully and continually. It is now conceded by the ablest physicians in every land and by eminent scientists the world over, that this disease is the result of blood poisoning. This poisoning is brought about by wasted and unhealthy kidneys that permit the poison to remain in the blood, instead of throwing it from the system. But it is equally evident to all who have studied into the effects and have become conversant with the facts, that a disordered state of the kidneys and liver produces most of the common complaints and pains which afflict the human race, and they can be traced to this source just as certainly as can Bright's disease. To purify a stream we must go to its source, and to cure a disease we must *remove the cause.* It being true, therefore, that ni[ne]-tenths of all human ailments are caused by diseased kidneys or liver, the only certain way to cure these troubles is by treating the organs which cause them. How intimately the kidneys are associated with the entire system may be understood from the fact that over 1,000 ounces of [b]lood pass through them every hour, being more than 200 gallons, or nearly one ton in the course of twenty-four hours. This vast mass of living fluid is sent to every part of the body, and if the kidneys are diseased the impurities that are in the blood are not removed, and hence pass through the veins, carrying disease in some one of its many terrible forms. The horrors which accompany most of the diseases caused by disordered kidneys and liver cannot be described in print, while the dangers surrounding them are even greater than the agony. And yet a person may be troubled for months without knowing the cause of the diseases that have attacked him. Some of the symptoms of the first stages, any one of which indicates disordered kidneys or liver are these: Pains in the back and around the loins, severe headaches, dizziness, inflamed eyes, a coated tongue and a dry mouth, loss of appetite, chilly sensations, indigestion (the stomach never is in order when the kidneys or liver are deranged,) a dryness of the skin, nervousness, night sweats, muscular debility, despondency, a tired feeling especially at night, puffing or bloating under the eyes, etc. If any of the following things are noticed about the fluids passed from the system, it shows that the kidneys and liver are out of order: A [r]ed deposit, a scum upon the surface, an unusual thickness or thinness, a very dark or a very light color, a burning sensation in passing, an unusual odor, a retention, or a frequent desire to void and inability to do so.

The above are a few of the hundreds of symptoms which indicate the beginning of [a]ggravated cases of kidney or liver difficulties, and they require instant attention. If these symptoms are not checked at once, they are almost certain to result in some one of the many terrible diseases of the kidneys. But unpleasant as all the symptoms and even these diseases may be, they are as nothing compared to the last stages of the complaints. The kidneys waste away by degrees, accompanied by intense pains; the heart becomes uncontrollable; the lungs are oppressed; the eye-balls grow glassy, and the entire system is reduced and debilitated. For weeks before death comes the sufferer looks forward to it as a blessed relief, and anything that can furnish even temporary help is gladly hailed. Then it is that bloating begins; the face becomes puffy and pallid; the breath can only be caught in gasps, speech is impossible and muscular action suspended. The patient finally sinks into a state of unconsciousness to everything except the pains which are racking him, and death comes by certain but slow degrees. There can be but one conclusion which all readers of care and judgment will draw from these facts, which is the necessity of treating the disease *in time* and by that means which has been proven the best and most efficient.

It has been our privilege to treat more cases and effect more cures of this terrible complaint than has ever been known before in the history of the world. The wonderful sale which our remedies have attained is due wholly to the fact that they have cured the ones who have used them. The power and value of any remedy must rest wholly on a basis of worth, and here is just where our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has found its wonderful power and success. But in this connection comes one important fact: It has always been true that articles of merit are subject to imitations. No one seeks to counterfeit the bills of a worthless bank. The productions of a cracked inventor or witless writer are never copied. It is just so with a healing remedy. If it possess no merit it will not be subjected to imitations. If, however, it has power and value, imitations will spring up on every side. While it is a tribute to the value of this medicine that [i]t has imitations, still, in justice to those who are suffering, we feel that all should be warned against them.

There is but one known remedy that has ever been able to cure serious kidney troubles or control these great organs when once deranged, and that remedy is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. There are numerous nostrums on the market claiming to be just as efficient and some which even claim to be the same. The test of merit, however, is in what has been accomplished, and we therefore say unhesitatingly that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure stands alone, not only in point of excellence, but in the wonderful results it has achieved. In order to successfully avoid the purchase of spurious and injurious medicines, observe these facts:

Our remedy is put up in dark amber glass bottles, with the Safe (our trade-mark) blown in the back. A private proprietary six cent internal revenue stamp is affixed to the neck and covers the top of the cork and is of a light brown color. In the middle thereof is a Safe in outline, and on it the picture of a negro gathering herbs. If this stamp is not found on every bottle of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, or if there is any evidence that it has been tampered with, and if a Safe is not blown on the back of the bottle, reject the bottle at once, and insist on having a genuine one.

We are led to publish the foregoing in order that the public may know and realize just where we stand. We have always sought to keep our personality from obtruding upon the public, knowing full well that the value of our remedy was the essential thing, but the unexampled use which has been made of this medicine, and the volumes of letters we are constantly receiving demand a personal statement from us. We are justly gratified at the confidence which has been shown us, and thankful for the myriads of cures our remedy has performed, and we pledge ourselves for the future as we have endeavored in the past, to furnish the best and only valuable remedy that can control and cure all the many and terrible troubles arising from disorders of these great organs.

Sincerely,
H. H. WARNER & Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Paris the other day. A couple had come to be married, and the Mayor, having completed the ceremony, was proceeding to read the regulations from the Code on Civil Marriage, when the bridegroom, interrupting, said: "Pardon, M. le Maire, but I think, now that we are really wedded, it is needless to read us about the law of marriage. Pray let us hear the details of the new divorce bill; that will be much more practical."—*Figaro.*

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

AN English physician says a man can stop a fit of sneezing by crawling down stairs head first. Almost anything can be cured that way if the stairs are steep enough.

"Golden Medical Discovery"

has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

THE hair of a Providence girl is so full of electricity that when she combs it the crackling is as loud as the snap of a whip. Shocking, isn't it!—*Lowell Citizen.*

"MEN must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"
But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

WHEN a dead fly works his cold and rigid remains on a nearsighted man as a dried currant in a rice pudding, he calls it current humor.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

WITH some men the penny's mightier than the sword, sure enough.—*Boston Transcript.*

How They Were Removed.

NORTH TOPEKA, Kans., May 12, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs:*—Sharp pains in the region of the kidneys, frequent desire to urinate and scalding sensations were easily removed by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

HENRY SANDERS.

EVERYBODY has standing invitations to attend open air mass meetings.

THE Kidneys are nature's sluice-ways. Kidney-Wort keeps them healthy and active.

MUMMIES are the only well-behaved persons who are now left in Egypt.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants and relieves weakness of the stomach.

AT the Hub—"I am tired," sighed the wheel. "Poor felloe," spoke the axle, "wagon his tongue."

Colorado Business.

Those who think of attending the National Mining and Industrial Exposition, to be held in Denver during August and September, should purchase the cheap excursion tickets of the "Great Rock Island route," and take choice of *four routes,* with privilege of return until Oct. 31.

Time as quick as the quickest, and no more changes of cars than by any other line—with the advantage in its favor of making the single change necessary in a union depot. The rolling stock of this great railway is simply superb, consisting of magnificent day coaches, Pullman palace sleeping cars, world-famous dining cars and exquisite Horton chair cars.

If going to the Northwest, don't forget the famous Albert Lea route to Minneapolis and St. Paul, where it connects with all trains of the Northern Pacific railroad and St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway.

MENSMAN'S peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philad'a, Pa.

FARMERS! FARMERS!! FARMERS!!!
OVARINE Prevents the loss of Feathers; Promotes the laying qualities of the hen, and improves the general health of all Fowls. Price by express, 50c.; by mail, 75c. THE ROYAL PRESERVATIVE Co. 249 S. 6th St., Phila., Pa.

MAKE HENS LAY.
An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.
M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."
KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.
☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

LANE & BODLEY CO.
AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL
BY THE
ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION,
ON THEIR
Steam Engine and Saw Mill
Exhibited at Atlanta in 1881.
Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Lath Machines, Hub and Spoke Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, Couplings, Gearing, Grist and Flour Mills. Send for Special Circular of our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill, which we sell for
$200.
Special attention given to Plantation Machinery. *Illustrated Circulars Free.*
LANE & BODLEY CO.,
John & Water Sts., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR New Book.
"THE JEANNETTE,"
Giving the only full, complete and authentic HISTORY of the unfortunate HERALD EXPEDITION in search of the NORTH POLE. A record of unparalleled Adventure, Suffering and Death, containing also a full account of all previous Arctic Explorations, from the earliest period to the present day, including SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, DR. KANE, HAYES, HALL and all other noted Arctic Explorers. The only Complete Encyclopedia of Arctic Explorations ever published—this combination making it the most thrilling, fascinating and interesting book ever written. One Agent sold 30 copies in one day, 150 copies in one week. Send 75 cts. in 1-cent stamps for Complete Agents' Outfit, worth $2. *Beware of all imitations.* AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWNSHIP.
FORSHEE & McMAKIN,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

AGENTS Get the NEW BOOK,
Our Lost Explorers, the full, complete and authentic history, *told by the survivors,* of the ill-fated JEANNETTE ARCTIC EXPEDITION
The adventures, discoveries, thrilling experiences and tragic ending, all combine to make a most fascinating book. 20 copies a day sold by live canvassers. Agents wanted in every town. Send for circulars, terms and agency to American Publishing Co., Hartford, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

TEAS in abundance.—35 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.
It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents.
Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

USE NONE BUT THE BEST
THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER
SAPONIFIER
THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS
PENN'A SALT MF'G CO. PHILA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Get up Clubs for our CELEBRATED TEAS, and secure a beautiful "Moss Rose or Gold Band Tea Set," (44 pieces,) our own importation. One of these beautiful Tea Sets given away to the party sending a Club for $25.00. Beware of the so-called "CHEAP TEAS" that are being advertised—they are dangerous and detrimental to health—slow poison. Deal only with reliable Houses and with first hands if possible. No humbug.
The Great American Tea Co., Importers,
P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 VESEY ST., New York.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

STOCK OWNERS! CURE your Sick Horses, Cattle, Swine or Poultry and largely increase yield of Milk and Butter or flesh and fat. Send for my book, Free. F. A. MILLER, 346 Dillwyn Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P. O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

ENGINES. NEW AND SECOND HAND. Address HARRIS IRON WORKS, Titusville, Pa.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

EDUCATIONAL.

ADRIAN COLLEGE, Adrian, Mich. Five Schools. Send for Catalogue, etc., to D. S. Stephens, Prest.

ADDRESS Rev. C. V. Spear for the Prospectus of MAPLEWOOD Young Ladies' INSTITUTE, Pittsfield, Mass.

SIX CTS WHY WASTE MONEY? Young man or old, if you want a luxuriant moustache, flowing whiskers or a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to THICKEN, STRENGTHEN and INVIGORATE the HAIR anywhere don't be humbugged. Try the great Spanish discovery which has NEVER YET FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CENTS to Dr. J. GONZALEZ, Box 1649, Boston, Mass. Beware of all imitations.

HULLERS For pamphlets describing the great Aikens Clover Hulling Attachment, write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO. Mansfield, O.

A. N. K.—E. 883 29—82

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Local Items.

Capt. Jas. Tyler, of Fulton, took in Hickman, Thursday.

Mr. Ed. Moore, of Union City. was in Hickman, Wednesday, on business

Mr. Wilson, R. Hamby, a worthy and good citizen, is a candidate for Magistrate in this District.

Mr. Ed Mays, of Woodland Mills, is in Hickman this week. Mr. Mays thinks he will go into business here.

Fortune's Drug Store will be found open on Sundays "to sell Drugs or Medicines only," from 8 to 11, a. m. and 2 to 7 p. m.

Some farmers who are now paying 18 cents for bacon, might profitably make a note of the fact, and raise their own meat after this.

Miss Minnie Hogland, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of our city, left Thursday morning for Union City, where she will visit friends.

Messrs. Havis & Stankeld have taken charge of the Union City Anchor. We wish them great success, for the Anchor is an excellent paper.

Messrs. John and Will Young have a nice confectionery and grocery establishment, on Clinton street. Give them a call and they will treat you all O. K.

We do not want your vote; but we do want your trade, and if pure Drugs, or Medicines, and reasonable profits are an inducement, we hope to get your trade.

T. P. FORTUNE & CO.

Mr. John Roper's name should be added to the list of candidates in the Hickman district for Justice of the Peace. We omitted his name last week simply because we had not heard of his candidacy. He is an excellent man, and would make an upright Magistrate.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.—We are authorized to announce that there will be no religious service at the Methodist church next Sunday morning or night, the pastor, Rev. Mr. King, being absent attending District Conference at Troy, Tenn.

Services at the Episcopal church, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

C. Hughlette Wilson, candidate for County Judge, will speak as follows: Kentucky School House, Madrid Bend, July 31; McFadden's School House, August 3rd, at 7:30 a. m.; and on the same day at Alexandria at 3 p. m.; Ebenezer Church, Aug. 4th, 9:30 a. m.; and at Rush Creek Church on same day at 3 p. m. Other candidates invited.

The County canvass has grown exciting and earnest. We beg the friends to keep calm and cool. Let them fight earnestly if they will, but be careful to say nothing that will cause a sore place after the election. Some as good and as capable men will be among the defeated as those who may be elected, so in any event you will be in good company.

MOONLIGHT PIC NIC AND DANCE.—Some citizens of East Hickman, propose giving a moonlight pic-nic and dance in the beautiful grove on the hill, next Wednesday night. The Hickman cornet band and a splendid string band have been engaged to furnish music for the occasion. All are invited. The East Hickman people are never excelled in such entertainments when they undertake them.

One week more and the packet will start up Salt River freighted with the defeated candidates. By common consent the next best for County Judge will be placed in command, and the next best for County Clerk will be first clerk, and other positions distributed according to vote, the defeated Magistrates and Constables falling in as deck hands and roste bouts.

ARRESTED FOR STEALING.—A young Tennessean by the name of Gray, hailing from near Stone's ferry, Obion county, Tenn., was arrested Wednesday night, in Hickman, just as he was about to board the City of Helena, on the charge of stealing $240 in gold from a Mr. Long, also a farmer in the neighborhood of Stone's ferry. The young man when accused by Mr. Long of stealing his money proposed to give it up if they would let him go; and he did afterwards give up the $240 in gold pieces, but was conducted to jail instead of being set free. Thursday morning young Gray agreed to accompany his captors back to Tennessee not troubling them to secure a requisition. Mr. Long says Gray had been employed on his farm, and enjoyed his full confidence. He (Long) kept his money in a bureau drawer to which Gray had free access. Monday last the money and Gray both turned up missing, and Gray was easily tracked to Hickman, where he was arrested and the money found on his person. The young man is most likely good for a term in the penitentiary.

For Rent.

One Dwelling House, three rooms and porch, in West Hickman.

One Dwelling House, two rooms, porch and kitchen, in West Hickman.

J. D. STEPHENS.

A Card.

MR. EDITOR:—Retiring from the bakery and confectionery business in Hickman, I desire to return my sincere thanks to the public and my old customers in particular, for past favors, and beg a continuance of favor for my successor.

LOTTIE KAYSER.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

HICKMAN, KY., July 24, 1882.

Council met. Present, Mayor Faris, councilmen Cowgill, Corman, French and Ramage.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed.

STREET WORK.

The City Clerk presented the street pay roll for the past two weeks, $65,75.

On motion, ordered that a check be issued to R. E. Millet, for the same.

On motion ordered that a check be issued to A. A. Faris assignee W. Henderson for posts, $8,00.

ELECTION ORDERED.

On motion, it is hereby ordered that an election be held at the City Hall, in the city of Hickman, on Monday, the 7th day of August, 1882, to elect a City Marshal, and Judge of the City Court, and the following officers are appointed to hold the same: J. Kirkpatrick and B. M. Metheny, Judges; G. M. Wilburn, Sheriff; and R. E. Millet, Clerk.

CEMETERY LOT.

On motion, the City Clerk is hereby directed to make a deed to the I. O. O. F. for the south half of City Cemetery lot No. 50.

On motion Council adjourned.

R. E. MILLET, C. C.

The Record Issue.

To the Voters of Fulton county: Finding that the numerous certificates published in last week's COURIER in Judge Bailey's card, has confused rather than enlightened the public mind, I, therefore, respectfully, call your attention to the following certificate:

STATE OF KENTUCKY, }
County of Fulton, }

I, T. M. FRENCH, hereby certify that from an examination of the records of the County Clerk's office that at the close of his term of office, J. H. Montgomery left assets on hand sufficient to pay all liabilities of the county, and still leave a balance of $863,28 that should have been in the sheriff's hands. This amount was reduced to $186,21 at the March term, 1879, of the Fulton County Court, by the allowance of sundry claims incurred after H. C. Bailey's term of office began, amounting to $677, 00, of which $204,75 was county Judge's Salary up to that date. I, also find that at the last settlement of the county court the indebtedness of this county, amounted to $702.00.

T. M. FRENCH, D. C.

Now you can see plainly that, though the county was in debt $1,052,41 in December 1877, as shown by one of Judge Bailey's certificates, yet at the close of my term, Sept. 1, 1878, I had gotten the county *out of debt*, and left a balance of $863,28. Judge Bailey takes the office with this amount on hand, and in three years he has *run the county in debt* $701,00; and again you will see that this sum was reduced to $186,21, on the 10th day of March, 1876, by the payment of $677,21 of expenses incurred after I went out of office, and during Judge Bailey's term, of which $204,75 *was his own salary from Sept.* 1, 1878, to March 10, 1879. I submit to a generous public, if it is fair and honest after he availed himself of the cash left by me to get the much of his salary, *six months before it was due*, to seek to make it appear that I only left $186.25 on hand, to say nothing as to the propriety of his using the money to pay his *own salary before maturity*, instead of making cash payments for work done and thereby cheapening the cost to the county.

Respectfully, J. H. MONTGOMERY.

To the Voters of Fulton County.

In the card that will appear in the COURIER of this week, Judge Montgomery does not endeavor to sustain the statements heretofore made by him that there was over Two Thousand Dollars in the hands of the Sheriff when he went out of office. But he makes an effort to bolster that by relying upon the certificate of the Clerk, in which it is stated that at that time there should have been in the hands of the Sheriff when I came into office $863,28, but it is no where shown or stated that there was that amount or any other amount at that time in the hands of the Sheriff.

Now, the simple truth is this, and the records will show it, there was no settlement made with the Sheriff in 1878, the year I went into office, because of the prevalence of the yellow fever, and the Sheriff was allowed by the Magistrates until March, 1879, to make his settlement. So the Judge is mistaken when he intimates that there is any record, or other proof to show that there was a larger surplus in the Sheriffs hands when he went out of office, and I went into office. If the Judge will turn to the last settlement made with the Sheriff during his term, December the 10th, 1877, he will find that the county was then in debt $1,052 41, the next settlement, and first one after I came into office. March, 1879, the county was out of debt and had paid all its liabilities, and there was a surplus over of $186 20.

The Judge endeavors to show that there was money on hand, and that the money he left with the Sheriff was partly paid out in allowance to myself and others, for our saleries in advance. But I positively state that the Magistrates never allowed me, or any other officer any amount in advance of what was due, and if they had have done so, they, and not I would be responsible, as they are the ones that pass on all claims against the county. They did allow and order all the debts of the county to be paid up to the date of the settlement, including salaries to myself, Judge Kingman and the jail fees, and after all had been paid to date, it left a surplus as stated of $186 21. For the truth of the above, I invite all interested to the Records; and now I say to all my friends, rally to the polls on the 7th day of August next, and listen to no flying reports and victory is ours.

July 26, 1882. H. C. BAILEY.

County Board of Health.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 20th, 1862.

To A. A. Faris:

I regret any sort of mistake or misunderstanding—my book explains it—in copying names the clerk put your name down as Harris. I will erase and spell better. Recognizing you as President of the Board for Fulton. I hereby reappoint the entire Board for two years A. A. Faris, H. A Tyler, Geo. Warren, Charles Miles, Newton Paschal. It is not necessary to make out fresh commissons. I hope the old Board will continue. I am obliged for your letter.

Very truly, JOHN J. SPEED.

Improvements.

Hertweck, Baltzer & Co's. new factory building is about completed, and the new machinery arriving. The working men are busily engaged putting up the shafting, and the expectation is that steam will be raised and work in the new factory commence regularly about the 15th of August.

Our friends, Powell & Bro., are still pushing to improve and perfect their already splendid flour mill. Mr W. D Powell left for St. Louis Tuesday morning to buy several additional machines. This firm is laboring to build up the finest flouring mill ever erected in this section, and we trust they may receive the encouragement of our farmers and business men.

Mr. Jas. R. Brown has completed a new store house on Water street, and purposes arranging a public hall in the up stairs. Mr. Brown will build a larger store house on the corner of the same street, and will then construct a regular public hall, providing it with seats, stage, &c.

Several new dwelling houses are in progress, and some have been greatly delayed for want of sand to complete the plastering.

The Hickman L. & M. Company are arranging to build a large brick drying house, which will be a considerable improvement, and afford employment to quite a number.

Capt. Stone at Cynthiana.

Hon. W. J. Stone is announced as a candidate for Congress in the first district. He was speaker of the House of Representatives three terms ago, and is well known throughout the State as a prominent farmer and politician. He was a gallant soldier in Morgan's command and was wounded here in the second Cynthiana fight in '64. From this wound he had to have his leg amputated. While he was convalescing he was waited upon by Miss Nell Woodyard, and they, falling in love with each other, were married shortly after his recovery. Our people have a very warm feeling for Mr. Stone, and if he can manage some way to have Old Harrison added to the first district for this election, we will give him our two thousand votes solid.—*[Cynthiana Democrat.*

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The Daughter of a Wealthy Baltimore Liquor-Dealer Wedded to a Police Officer.

BALTIMORE, MD, July 18.—The following announcement appeared in a morning paper this morning:

WATKINS—FOWNER—On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Shannon, Millard F. Watkins and Mary Catherine Fowner, both of Baltimore City, Md.

There is quite an interesting story connected with this announcement which is furnishing food for gossip among the fashionable residents of Northwest Baltimore, and which proves conclusively that the lot of a policeman, although hard at times, can be happy as that of any other man. The happy Benedict in the present instance is a well-known and popular officer of the Northwestern district, whose repatation of steadiness and close attention to duty is second to that of no other officer on the force. About one year ago he was appointed to the position he now occupies, and was detailed to work a beat on Pennsylvania avenue. Within a few doors of the point at which his beat ended and where he generally met the sergant lived Miss Katie Fowner, the daughter of a wealthy liquor dealer. Miss Katie, as she was known, although very young in years, had already several admirers, and not a few would have gladly taken her for better or worse. Officer Watkins passed the house every evening with his squad to go on duty, and, becoming attracted by the fresh and youthful countenance, obtained an introduction and cultivated the adquaintance when off duty. From the first Miss Katie seemed to like the officer's company, and it was long before a mutual attachment sprang up between them, which has since ripened into deep and ardent love. All the time, though matters seemed to be progressing smoothly enough, the parents of the young lady objected to the visits of the officer, and their course of true love was destined not to run as smooth as they would have liked. The couple had no objection to waiting for a reasonable time, but matters were brought to a crisis when it became known that the parents were making arrangements to go West and take her with them. Finding it impossible to effect their purpose in this way, they determined on a coup d'etat, which was well planned and successfully carried out last Sunday evening. Taking advantage of a time when her guardians were otherwise engaged, the young lady gathered together some clothing, of which she made a compact bundle, with the intention of taking it with her, but fearing that suspicion might be aroused, she abandoned this idea and quietly left her parental residence without it. It was now nearly dark, and her absence was not immediately discovered. At the next corner she was joined by her lover and his best man, Officer Hartzell, and the trio made all haste to the parsonage of the Emory M. E. Church. As soon as they arrived here the key was turned in the door for fear the parents might surmise their whereabouts and endeavor to prevent the marriage. Nothing, however, intervened, and within a few moments thereafter the Rev. Samuel Shannon pronounced the happy couple man and wife.

In the meantime the young lady was missed, and thinking that she had been taken to her lover's home, her father went to his house, but they had no knowledge of the couple's whereabouts. On his way back, however, he met the newly wedded pair, who had just come from the parsonage. Unaware that his jurisdiction had ceased, the father endeavored to get his daughter to go home with him, but to this her husband strenuously objected, claiming his right as a husband to take care of his wife. To this the father would not listen, and a scene was imminent, when the husband exercising his prerogative as an officer, arrested Mr. Fowner, and took him to the Northwestern station. He charged him with disturbing the public peace by interfering with himself and wife, but said that he did not desire to press the charge if left to go his way in peace. Capt. Earhart decided then to dismiss the case, but requested Mr. Fowner to remain there for a few minutes until the others had departed. This he accordingly did, and the newly married pair went on their way rejoicing, and the father returned home. Thus the matter now stands. It is thought, however, that Mrs. Watkins' parents will finally relent, and that all will be forgiven. Officer Watkins is a son of Lieut. Watkins, of the Northwestern station.

Valley of Dry Bones.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

While plowing in a field in Faulkner Co. Arkansas, recently, George Smith saw a ravine which had been washed by a recent overflow of the Black Fork and which reposed a large number of human skeletons, lying in natural positions, together with several earthern bowls, shells, arrows, leaden bullets, &c. The skulls were all encased in vessels made of clay, while one, with handsomely engraved ornaments, denoted that the skull belonged to an unusually important personage. The farm has been under cultivation over forty years, and relics denoting the existence there at one time of a prehistoric race have been frequently found.

Why Johnson Stayed a Week.

Last August Mr. Jonnson with his wife, who had been doing the pleasure resorts for two months, arrived at the quiet town of X, in New Hampshire where a small hotel, pleasantly situated and very cleanly offered him hospitality. After supper the landlord walked the piazza, and he was accosted by Mr. Johnson, when the following dialogue took place:

"Where's your sunset mill?"

"Havn't got any."

"Is the devil's gulch here?"

"Never heard of it."

"How far is it to lover's leap?"

"Must be fifty miles: but don't know."

"Is the silver cascade running?"

"Don't know; never knew it was around here."

"How far is it to the springs?"

"Didn't know we had any hereabouts."

"The attractions of this place are very few, it appears?"

"Mighty few and getting scarcer."

"Wife, this is just the place we have been seeking. There is nothing to see and we will stay here a week."

England a Coward and a Bully.

England is a great bullying coward. She brooks insults from superiors, and dare not resent one from an equal. She shields herself behind the most irresistable and impenetrable armor the world ever produced, and seeks conquest among the weak and helpness and the half-civilized people of the earth. She keeps her foot on the neck of prosprate Ireland by first paling the Irish to the ground with bayonets. She subdued the Zulus and made a prisoner of Cetewayo. She whipped the Boers for desiring to be free; punished the Ashantees for not "God blessing the queen;" dethroned the Afghan ruler because he wouldn't kiss Beaconfield's big toe, and assassinated the king of Abyssina because he expressed a desire to marry the empress of India. Now she has pitched into poor Egypt, with as much pomp, bluster and blow of trumpets as though she were attacking her equal in a just cause. Meanwhile, at every gun she fires, and at every shell that she explodes in the camp of her little prey, she looks back over her shoulders to see the effect upon the powers she fears, not daring to incur the displeasure of one of them.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE.—We have on hand several hundred papers, suitable for wrapping paper, which we will sel at 50s per hundred.

YELLOW JACK.

No Indications of the Fever's Appearance This Season—New Orleans in an Exceptionally Healthy State.

[Chicago Tribune.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 18.—This city was never in such perfect sanitary condition as to-day and enjoying such good health. The number of deaths last week were 102, of which two were from malarial fevers; and the previous week 109, of which six were from malarial fevers. For the same period, last year the deaths were 262, and from malarial fevers twenty eight. Fevers of all kinds have been very infrequent this summer, which is regarded by our physicians as the best evidence of the good sanitary condition of the city. There are now three bodies working harmoniously together to improve the sanitary condition of the city and keep it free from disease—the Board of Health, Sanitary Association, and city authorities. The Administrator of Improvements has doubled his street gangs, and has now over 1,290 hands and carts working in the streets and gutters, against an average force formerly of 700. The Sanitary Association is well supplied with money, which it is using liberally for sanitary purposes. Its chief aim is to keep the gutters clean by flushes, to see that the vaults and yards are in perfect order, and to provide an abundant water supply for the city. Two big flushing pumps, with a capacity of six million gallons each, are forcing water through every street running toward the river. Finding recently that a small portion of the city was not benefitted by this flushing process, the association spent $3,500 to erect a pump there, so that this section could also be thoroughly cleaned. The three draining canals of the city were thoroughly cleaned early in the spring, deepened and lined with wood at the joint expense of the city and Sanitary Association, and are now in thoroughly good order. This cleaning had not been done hitherto for eight or ten years.

MARKETS.

WHEAT.—As prophecied in the COURIER several months ago, wheat has taken a decided drop; the harvest is now in full blast in the North, and grain is turning out even better than was first expected. Wheat which brought $1,17½ the first week in July in St. Louis, is now dull at 95 to 96c per bushel. We look for still lower prices, although there may be a slight reaction caused by speculators. The receipts continue large.

We quote choice No. 2. Red 90cts. No. 3. 80c. No. 4 and rejected 65 to 75cts.

CORN.—Nothing doing in this cereal. We look for good prices this fall, although the Northern crop has improved some.

APPLES.—The early crop is nearly exhausted, and the fall crop which will be large in this section is sure to bring good prices owing to the partial failure of the Northern crops.

NOTICE--SALE.

I WILL OFFER FOR SALE AT PUBLIC outcry, to the highest bidder, on

Wednesday, the 9th day of August, 1882.

The entire stock of Goods of **J. H. PLAUT, Dec'd.**, in Hickman, Ky., on a credit of 4, 8 and 12 months. Said stock will be sold in bulk on that day, unless I find a purchaser at private sale previous to that day. I have a Complete Invoice and appraisement of said stock, and parties desiring to purchase will be permitted to see and examine the stock at any time before sale.

☞ Purchasers will be required to give bond with approved security for purchase price.

ABRAM PLAUT,
Ad'mr. J. H. PLAUT, Dec'd.

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

Ahead of all Competitors!

BUSINESS MEN, TOURISTS, EMIGRANTS, FAMILIES, **REMEMBER**

THE BEST ROUTE to the Summer resorts and Mountain retreats of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas, via MCKENZIE and NASHVILLE.

THE BEST ROUTE to the celebrated Colleges, Universities, Seminaries and other Educational Institutions in the Southeast, via MCKENZIE and NASHVILLE.

THE BEST ROUTE to Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, Charlotte, Knoxville, Bristol, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington, via MCKENZIE, NASHVILLE and CHATTANOOGA.

Don't Forget It!

—By this Line you secure the—

MAXIMUM OF SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND SATISFACTION,

—AT THE—

MAXIMUM OF EXPENSE, ANXIETY BOTHER AND FATIGUE.

Be sure to buy your tickets over the

N. C. & ST. L. R'Y.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER need not go amiss; few changes are necessary, and such as are unavoidable are made in Union Depots.

THROUGH SLEEPERS!

......BETWEEN......

Memphis and Nashville, Columbus and Nashville, St. Louis and Nashville, McKenzie and Nashville, Nashville and Louisville, Nashville and Chattanooga and Nashville and Atlanta, connecting with Sleepers to Florida points.

For further information call on your nearest R. R. Station Agent, or address

A. Y. STEVENS, P. A., Dallas, Tex.
JAS. SPEED, Ticket Agent, Memphis, Tenn.
W. L. DANLEY, G.P. and T.A., Nashville.

ST. LOUIS AND VICKSBURG

ANCHOR LINE

PACKET COMPANY.

(UNITED STATES MAIL)

JOHN A. SCUDDER, President.
JOHN P. KEISER, Superintendent.
THEO. C. ZEIGLER, Sec'y. and Treas.

RUNS A TRI-WEEKLY LINE of boats from St. Louis to Memphis, and a tri-weekly line from St. Louis to Vicksburg.

GOING SOUTH.

Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Thursday nights and Saturday nights. Vicksburg boats, Monday, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GOING NORTH.

Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Friday nights and Sunday nights. Vicksburg boats Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

Memphis boats—Steamers City of Helena, Ste. Genivieve and John B. Maude.

Vicksburg boats—Steamers City of Providence, Belle of Memphis, Gold Dust, City of Cairo, City of Greenville and City of Vicksburg.

GOLDBERG,

The Watch Maker.

If you want any work done on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry, call at the Post Office, where you can have it done in first rate style, at a reasonable price. Difficult work solicited.

PAINT YOUR HOUSE.

Now is the time to paint your house, while you can buy strictly pure WHITE LEAD and OIL cheaper than ever sold in Hickman. RAW and BOILED LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE and all colors of LEAD ground in pure LINSEED OIL at greatly reduced prices.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

SOUTHERN

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Practical Book-Keeping.

No Text Books.

OVER 25 YEARS A PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT!

Endorsed by all the Prominent Merchants of Louisville.

☞ Send Stamps for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship. ☜

E. N C. WEAVER Principal. S. H. DeSOLLAR, Secreta

BOY'S and MEN'S SHOES.

We have a large stock of Men's and Boy's LOW CUT SHOES which we must sell very low, as the season is advancing. Call and see our prices.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGONS,

Hickman, Kentucky.

SPECIAL NOTICE,

For the next Sixty Days, we will close our stock of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS very low to make room for our Winter Stock. It will pay you well to see our Prices we now offer in this line.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

LACLEDE HOUSE

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive watch kept; and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.

may9-'79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

GROCERIES.

We always keep a choice lot of Groceries, and sell as low as the market will afford.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

In the course of

HUMAN EVENTS,

You may sometime wish to buy a

STOVE!

or, some kind of

Hardware.

We carry a full line of these goods, and would request you to stop in and examine our prices. As the weather is warm we say just enough to let you see we're on deck.

R. B BREVARD AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STEEL PLOW.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce W. C. JOHNSON as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Fulton county. Election first Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce C. HUGHLETTE WILSON as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. H. C. BAILEY, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. W. MAYES as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce JONAH MONTGOMERY as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce R. S. MURREL, as a candidate for County Judge. Election 1st Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Josh H. Dodds as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. T. BYNUM, as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce A. M. DEBOW as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election August next.

We are authorized to announce W. P. TAYLOR as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court at the ensuing August election.

[illegible] announce MARSHAL A. MCDANIEL, as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court, at the ensuing August election.

FOR JAILOR.

We are authorized to announce Mr. JACOB SILVERTOOTH as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. R. F. THOMASSON, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Jailor, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS C. HAWKINS, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton County. August next.

FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. R. THOMAS as a candidate for Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce MAT. ADAMS, JR., as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce J. O. A. COOPER, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce F. G. DAVIS as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce T. J. FINCH as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce J. B. COOK, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce A. G. MCFADDEN, as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR.

We are authorized to announce ROBERT MCCONNELL as a candidate for re-election to the office of county Surveyor at the ensuing August election.

FOR CITY MARSHALL.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM A. LAWSON as a candidate for the office of city Marshal. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce J. O BARNES, as a candidate for re election to the office of city Marshal. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce WM. L. GARDNER, as a candidate for the office of City Marshal. Election in August.

MUSIC CLASS.

Mrs. Margaret Holmes will give lessons on the Piano and Guitar, to a limited number of pupils, at her residence, in old Hickman. Tuition—$1, a week. For further information please call.

HAULERS ATTENTION!

TEAMS WANTED.

The Hickman Lumber and Manufacturing Company of Hickman, Ky., have steady employment at good wages for

150 TEAMS

to move the Lumber from their mills situated 10 and 13 miles from Hickman. $3,25 per 1000 feet for thoroughly dry lumber at the farther mill. $2,75 per 1000 feet for the lumber at the ten mile mill—equivalent to that amount per day to good pulling two horse teams. Cash every load—Free wagon yard at Hickman Stables at the mills for those who come soon enough to secure them. Steady employment from this date until the roads get bad again next winter.

Hickman, Ky., May 15th, 1882.

Attention City Tax Payers!

THE TIME for you to pay your city taxes is now at hand, and no further indulgence can be granted. Remember these taxes have been due since April last; but you have been treated leniently up to this time, but forbearance has now ceased to be a virtue. Hence you must now pay; or pay costs. The undersigned would take no pleasure in resorting to extreme measures, but he has his duty to perform, and must, and will do it fairly, squarely, and impartially. The collector can be found daily, (Sundays excepted,) at or in the near vicinity of R. B. Brevard's hardware store, on the south side of Clinton street, (when not officially absent,) from 9 o'clock, A. M., until 12 M., and from 3 o'clock P. M. until 7 o'clock, P. M.

Yours most respectfully,
B. R. WALKER, City Collector.

July 6th, 1882.

Dolly Varden Saloon.

T. M. Jones, Proprietor.

Keeps the finest best, freshest brands of Beer, always on tap. Cigars, and Tobaccos. Polite and attentive bar-keepers. Patronage solicited.

NEW

BAKERY

INTENDS TO KEEP ON HAND

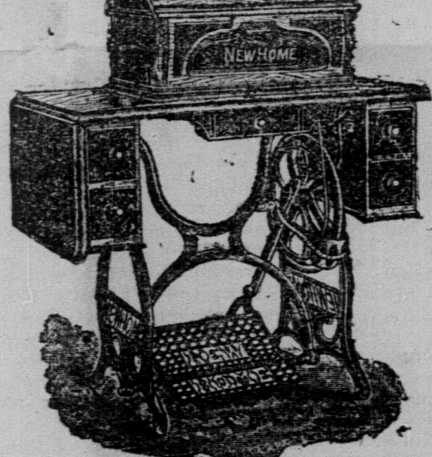
FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, COFFEE-CAKE, CAKES, PIES, HOME-MADE CIDER, CRACKERS, NUTS, PICKLES, SARDINES, FRESH OYSTERS, &c., &c.

GRAHAM BREAD FOR INVALIDS.

— ALSO, —

P. S.—Orders for Weddings and Parties promptly attended to.

WM. GEYER.



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The Simplest and Best Sewing Machine is the Light Running

NEW HOME.

Highest Award at the Atlanta Exposition

PERFECT

IN EVERY PARTICULAR,

For sale by

J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

DONT YOU FORGET

THAT WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

HARDWARE

STOVES & HOUSE KEEPERS SUPPLIES, to be found in the city, at Prices as low as the Lowest.

To Mill-men!

We are prepared to overhaul and patch BOILEERS, and to overhaul ENGINES, STEAM FITTINGS, and all kinds of COPPER and SHEET IRON WORKS, such as STACKS, BREACHES, HEATERS, &c. J. W. CORMAN & Co.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS.

HICKMAN, KY.

☞ *PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!* ☜

THE HICKMAN COURIER

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —

GEORGE WARREN,

HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY : : : : : JULY. 28. 1882

☞ Short communications on public questions printed—but not responsible for sentiments or expressions of correspondents—except where we refuse to give name of author.

A. H. Stevens is the Democratic nominee for Governor of Georgia.

The meeting of the Paducah Racing Association occurs Aug. 15, 16 and 17th.

Vennor says we are to have a rainy July, a stormy August, and a fair, frosty September.

Hon. Bernard Neale, is reported dangerously ill, at Fort Smith, Ark., with erysipelas.

The Tennessee candidates for Congress speak at Union City, August 19th; at Troy the 22nd; and at Tiptonville the 24th.

Nashville has arranged for a National competitive drill, to take place in that city in May next, and will offer $6,000 in prizes.

Senator Fair says he has a house in Virginia City that cost him $50,000 that would not now sell for $1,000, so stagnant is business there.

David Campbell, Jr., died near Wilsonville, Obion County, on the 19th. We extend to the bereaved our kindest sympathy, in their sore dispensation.

Possibly the Tennessee Matrimonial Associations are "benevolent" societies, as the Attorney General of that State decides, but they have not always turned out that way in other places.

Barnes, the evangelist, is not meeting with great success in Dayton, Ohio. A correspondent writes to an Ohio paper that the people of Dayton are at a loss to determine whether Barnes is a crank or a messenger from Christ. They think he uses too much slang.

A general improvement in the business of the country is foreshadowed by the operations in Wall street, New York. An abundant harvest is assured, which is putting all the agencies of business into active motion, and will give labor to the industrious and a fair reward for toil.

A St. Louis boy drank milk without taking the chew of tobacco out of his mouth. The milk washed the tobacco down his throat and he died of nicotine poisoning.

The grain markets are weaker, as is usually the case when stocks are booming. The fact of it is, the crops in this country were never more promising than now, and the prospect for a heavy fall and winter business is bettering daily. The only crop the most persistent bears can point to as is in the least discouraging is corn, and the shortage in the sections where the crop was injured by the heavy rains is likely to be more than overcome by the production of the more favored districts.

Wire has been stretched across the Mississippi river at Belmont, from the mammoth elevator to a high hill in Columbus, Ky., which works well. All boats pass under the wire missing them several feet. The telegraph company think it will be much better and cheaper to keep up than the cable.

LATER.—Since the above was set in type information reaches us to the effect that the workmen have made a failure and the old cable will have to be fixed up and used. Considerable time and money was spent on the job before the project was decided impossible.

The idea of executing the Smith law closing liquor soloons on Sundays, has been entirely abandoned by the police court in Cincinnati. The officers of the court made every effort to enforce the law. They caused the arrest of about four hundred violators of the law and brought enough of them to trial to ascertain that no police court jury could be empaneled which would not contain one or more jurors who would not stand out to the last for a verdict of not guilty.—[*Lexington Transcript*.

It is difficult to enforce any law against public sentiment.

We have ever endeavored to create a friendly feeling between Union City and Hickman, and we trust and are satisfied that the present unpleasantness will have no weight in detering us in the accomplishment of our desires—[*Union City Anchor*.

Naturally enough there will be some rivalry between Union City and Hickman base ball clubs, tradesmen, &c., but in the broader view the two towns are great auxilliaries one to the other. One of these towns can not prosper to any great extent without the other sharing its prosperity to some degree. The manufacturing establishments of Hickman help those of Union City, preciseily like the congregation of factories in any one city help each other The proximity of the two places link their interest together as to any great prosperity or misfortune. The cholera epidemic at Union City some years ago incidentally injured Hickman as a healthy locality, precisely as the yellow fever epidemic at Hickman incidentally hurt Union City from the same view. We have ever found the people of Union City pushing, enterprising, generous and magnanimous, and may each and every one of them "live long and prosper." Both places are prospering, and can afford to be liberal and generous. So, neighbor, let the base-ballists, brass bands, &c., rival each other to their utmost limit, and let each "bantam" crow loud and long on his own heap—it don't hurt. The same rivals would turn and fight for each other if necessary.

The War.

The prospects of a European war growing out of the English-Egyptian troubles appears to grow beautifully less each day. The Egyptians are not able to fight England without aid from other powers, or without being able to excite help from all Mohammedan people in defense of their religion. The other sections of Europe are quiescent, and appear willing to stand by and see England thrash Egypt as soundly as she pleases; and as for the Mahommedans rallying to the religious standard that appears to be a humbug. The indications are that the Egyptians will keep up a guerrilla war-fare for some months, and then finally surrender to the Khedive, which is the same as surrendering to England.

From a humanitarian view the avoidance of war is cheering. From a selfish view, that of its effects on the price of grain, in this country, there is no encouragement for better prices.

Our Rowdy Congress.

The daily papers give full reports of a disgraceful quarrel between representatives Hewitt, (Dem.) and Robeson, (Rep.) Such scenes have been frequent this session.

Mr Hewitt, of New York, waited patiently until Mr. Robeson took his seat and then proceeded to show up his sly trick in putting into a speech several days ago (when the Navy bill was up) some very mean remarks about Hewitt It amounted to saying that Mr. Hewitt made false and malevolent statements, both of these words being used. and Mr. Hewitt had taken the precaution to examine the stenographer's notes to find that the words printed were not made on the floor. Robeson on being so completely shown up, proceeded to read one of Mr. Hewitt's speeches, made on the same occasion, in which much that was printed had not been made on the floor; but the point was lost by his admission that Hewitt had asked leave to print, on account of lack of time to finish on the floor. Then Hewitt came on again and accused Robeson of evading the point and substituting the word "fallacious" for false, whereupon Robeson interposed: 'I take that back and stand by the words as printed in the Record." Then Hewitt said nothing, but contempt could be felt for a man who would take no action in the matter after being branded as a liar, thief and perjurer. At this stage of the game the silent crowd of members edged up closer (and it was the quietest quarrel that ever took place on the floor.) Hewitt was angry, and he made his blows tell, finishing with the remark that he left the gentleman to get out of his disagreeable scrape as best he could. Old Robie then had no recourse in the way of defense, so he turned loose a lot of abuse upon Hewitt, saying that he owed all he had ever been, [illegible] ever will be, to an old man [illegible] up and made [illegible] harvest of he[illegible] hope that the time would come when Peter Cooper would be known as his father-in-law and he would no longer be referred to as Peter Coopers' son-in-law. Robeson, also, on being prompted by the cranky Miller of Pennsylvania, proceeded to taunt Hewitt with having indorsed the Morey letter in a dispatch to California, to which he signed the Democratic Chairman's name. Hewitt promptly denied this, and finally the affair was brought to a close by the great American conservator of Congressional peace, Brown, of Indiana. It has been the worst of sessions of Congress for personal attacks, and this of to-day was the worst of all. Robeson dropped all pretense of relevancy and not only went through the father-in-law business but reminded the House that Hewitt had, as a young man, been called a hard name. This charge was so terrible that some of the members asked Robeson what it was, and it was revealed to be "Lying Abe." Thus did the ex Secretary of the Navy try to divert attention from the charge; for the second time hurled at him on the floor, of being a "liar, thief and perjurer"—he stands up and accuses Hewitt of being Peter Cooper's son in law.

As a Lawyer.

It is stated on very good authority that the mental and physical weakness of Garfield during his last days caused him to express deep regrets and penitence for the part he took in the Tilden-Hayes electoral count controversy of 1876. But he consoled his conscience with the solace that what he did, he did "as a lawyer, and not as a judge.

Iowa Tumbles.

The temperance men made a hot fight in Kansas a year or two ago for an amendment to the constitution positively forbidding the manufacture and sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors within the State, and won. They then turned towards Iowa, made a harder and hotter fight than in Kansas, and won again by an overwhelming majority. This amendment to the Iowa constitution reads thus:

"No person shall manufacture for sale or sell or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The general assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall hereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions thereof."

The prohibitionists are marshalling their hosts in Ohio and Indiana, and when "their triggers are fixed," they will sound the signal gun and the battle will begin. They have cause to feel greatly encouraged, and they will fight hard.

God Helps Those Who Help Themselves.

A few days before his death the commander of the Jeannette polar expedition wrote, "We are in the hands of God, and unless he relents we are lost.

God never relents. The laws of nature are inexorable, and are not suspended, modified, or reversed to accomodate the errors or follies of men. The doctrine of a relenting Deity—an almighty that changes His purposes and plans to screen the foolish and the wicked from the inevitable penalties of their follies and transgressions—is most pernicious. It teaches men to shirk their own responsibilities, and to look for aid from other sources when self-help is their only salvation. If men throw themselves under the juggernaut they will be crushed, and if they will cross the life line of eternal winter God will not relent or suspend one iota of His laws to save them. Pain, suffering and death are the teachers of humanity, whose admonitions and stripes alone have taught men wisdom through their efforts to search out causes and remedies for the ills and evils which afflict the human race.

Artificial Rain.

The question of producing rain by artificial means, as argued by Prof. Philbrook in the New York Herald of the 7th inst., has brought out the views of Mr. Thomas Silver, a well known scientist, who favors the theories of the pr[illegible] and believes the question to be one of a little time only before it is practically illustrated. Long experience and much observation have impressed him with the belief that the laws of nature rarely impose any difficulty or want without the associations of means for correction or relief In his opinion there is more water generally above the habitable surface of the earth than below it, and it simply requires adequate means to secure it.

"Well" explosions or concussions are perhaps the true if not the only effective means for producing the desired effect It certainly would not pay to burn down our towns or deplete our forests for this purpose, even if fires would produce the rain, which would be very uncertain. It seems to me, then, that a resort to an equivalent afforded by electricity, and that although more economical means than the use of well known explosives may be desired, they may still, if judiciously employed, be found available for an experiment. The various degrees of moisture suspended in the atmosphere can always be detected by the hydrometer, and the best period for operation can be taken advantage of. The summer climate of California invites such an experiment, and the State can afford to try it. Then let it be undertaken. If successful, depend upon it, there is latent genius and material to warrant the practical economy of it in due time. Passing all chemical discoveries that may be awaiting us, it is not certain that common air compressed to an explosive degree would not serve as a substitute for common explosives, and there are many engineers quite competent to design and execute mechanical devices that will work at a mere nominal cost."

LONGSTREET.

His Estimate of Some Noted Egyptian Leaders.

Gen. James Longstreet, U. S. Marshal of Georgia, has just been interviewed by the reporter of the Atlanta Constitution, with the following results:

"General, would you like to be over in Egypt to aid in the suppression of Arabi Bey?"

A sly twinkle came in the old warrior's eye as he replied:

"Not a bit of it. I have had war to my full satisfaction. Besides, Arabi Bey is not worth the attention of a man." (with an emphasis on the man). "If I cared to fight any more battles, I would not care to fight them with men of his stamp. He is nothing more nor less than a marplot, and, while he may be able to carry on a sort of guerilla warefare for a few months, his ultimate overthrow is certain, and England and France will control affairs in Egypt, with the Khedive as the nominal head of the Government.

"Then how would you like to be back in Turkey to advise the Sultan in his sore need?"

"I have no desire to become the advisor of such a weak man as the Sultan of Turkey."

LONGSTREET'S OPINION.

"You do not seem to have a very high opinion of the folks over there."

'Indeed, I have not. The Sultan is weak and accustomed to his ease in time of peace; now that war comes, will fly to any one for advice, and although ordinarily he might not consult the American Minister, he perhaps would do so now. But Mr. Wallace is not the man to give him the advice that he stands in need of.

"What do you think of the causes of the war?"

"I think that the matter of England and France's interference is not the true bottom of the trouble. Or rather it is misunderstood. They have a feeling over there that is very much opposed to foreigners. They are very polite and hospitable people—as much so as any in the world—but they want to keep their country to themselves, more on account of their religion than anything else. They are opposed to anything that has the appearance of an interference with their religious institutions, and that feeling is the true bottom of the whole thing, and not the matter of the finances of Egypt except in the indirect way that it might operate."

ARABI BEY'S FOLLOWING.

"What do you think of the following of Arabi Bey?"

"He has doubtless a very large following, but his task is a hopeless one. He is not the man to command the forces under him. He is no organizer. His movements lately have demonstrated that he cannot wage a successful warfare. He will go back into the country and carry on, as I said, a guerrilla warfare which will trouble England for a few months and then he will be crushed out, the Khedive will be put back and England and France will hold the reins. It is absolutely necessary to England that she retain control of the canal. Her heavy carrying trade demands it. I would not, as the representative of England, give up in the slighest way the Suez canal. She will find it easy to get all she wants. Arabi Bey, or Arabi Pasha, as he now appears to be, no doubt has many who would like to follow him, but he has not the means to carry on the war, and, therefore, must fall. A year ago when I was in Turkey as United States Minister, Arabi Bey was not known. He was holding simply his office of Bey, which is about equal to our colonel."

"Where is the Sultan all this time? Is he to take no hand?"

"The Sultan can't do anything, and perhaps does not care for anything but his ease. Egypt is only nominally a part of his domain. He has no general. His only man is Osman Pasha, a very good man in the field, but a poor organizer and strategist The Sultan keeps himself far away from the world, and I suppose cares nothing more than to be let alone. He sends out for those occasionally with whom he has pressing business."

THE ABLEST MAN.

"Who is the ablest man of the lot?"

"Said Pasha. He is the smartest man in Turkey, and has conducted all the negotiations with foreign powers, was connected with the Russian war, and has few, if any, equals as a diplomatist."

YELLOW FEVER OR JAUNDICE? New Orleans on the Ragged Edge.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

NEW ORLEANS, July 18.—This morning Louis Dichler, an Alsatian, and a resident of this city for twelve years, died at Charity Hospital under circumstances that led House Surgeon Miller, supported by other members of the hospital faculty, to pronounce his disease yellow fever. Dichler's attending physician, Dr. Charles Shuppert, Jr., and Dr. Jones, President of the State Board of Health, are equally convinced that it was a clear case of yellow jaundice. Dr. Chille, of the National Board of Health, inclines to the opinion that the diagnosis of the hospital surgeons is correct, but will not express a positive opinion until in possession of all the facts. When the case was first reported this evening it created some excitement, but since the facts have become known, there is a very general disposition to agree with Drs Shuppert and Jones that it was a case of jaundice.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES

are as follows: Dichler passed through the epidemic of 1878, when it is said he had a genuine case of yellow fever. Since then he has been engaged in various breweries. He was intemperate and careless of his health at all times. Last week he exposed himself to the sun and night air while under the influence of liquor. The next day he complained of sore throat, and that night tied a lump of ice around his throat. The next morning he was worse, and Mr. Shuppert was called in. He pronounced it a case of yellow jaundice and prescribed accordingly. The patient had little or no fever. Two days afterward (Sunday) he was removed to Charity Hospital. Here he reported that he had fever every other day. Last night the hospital physicians decided that it was a case of yellow fever. This morning the patients temperature was 104; by noon it had risen to 109.5; and only twenty minutes thereafter he was dead. Dr. Miles, House surgeon, gives

THE SYMPTOMS OF THE CASE

as follows: Pointed tongue, infused eyes, congested gums, albumen in urine. On the other hand Dr. Jones thus sums up the case: Intemperance, intense jaundice, no vomiting or purgation, abuminaria, congestion of internal organs, rapid rise of temperature and death.

Further examination of the case will be made by prominent physicians to-morrow. Those interviewed to day who have been made acquainted with the facts agree with Dr. Jones that Dichler's disease was yellow jaundice. If it proves to be yellow fever, all evidence goes to show that it originated here.

"Abolish the toy pistol," says the Louisville *Commercial*. Let the cry be taken up everywhere and repeated until the demand be granted.

MARRIED LIFE MADE EASY.

Universal Hymeneal Association of California.

A Scheme of Marriage Insurance that Promises Fat Dowries for Small Investments—The Plan as Unfolded by the Association and in its Circulars.

[New York Times.]

A matrimonial insurance company is not precisely what its name implies. Ugly and cross grained men and maidens need not rush to it in the expectation that they will immediately be furnished with husbands or wives, for neither husbands or wives are kept in stock—not even ineligible ones. It is through the failure of its patrons to marry, in fact, that a matrimonial insurance company is enabled to live. As soon as the patron marries, the company loses money. There have been several such companies in other States, and some of them have been wiped out of existence by acts of the Legislature. The first effort to conduct such a business in this city, however, was made known through the following advertisement, which was found snugged away on the last page of a morning newspaper yesterday:

$1,000 DOWRY ON MARRIAGE; for circular. "The Universal Hymeneal Association" of California, for unmarried persons. No.—Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

The editor, in looking about the office, cast his eye on a reporter who is known to be upon the sharp and ragged edge of matrimony, and at once sent him to the address mentioned. With beef and butter at their present prices, and house rents way up against the ceiling, $1,000 dowry is not to be sneezed at, and it is with no ordinary interest in his work that the reporter hastened up Broadway until he saw the sign of the association tacked against the side of a hallway. The company's name is not precisely as is here given, but that makes little difference, for everybody knows how very little there is in a name, and the number, it will be noticed, is omitted entirely, solely because too much publicity would overrun the company with business and clog the wheels of its machinery. The building was one of those old structures that fortunately are rapidly disappearing from Broadway, with steep and narrow stairs, intricate passages, and a great variety of occupants on every floor. There was the sign of the Universal Hymeneal, etc., of California. It was a small sign, printed on pasteboard, nailed against the wall, against the door, and against the steps. It wound up with the unwelcome words, "Top Floor." A patient climb up the three flights of steps was almost as good as going up to the American Institute Fair. Every room in the building seemed to have its separate trade, and in every room men and women and boys were at work. Over one of the doors was the sign, "China Mender." In another room lace-makers were at work. There were picture frame makers, varnishers, and artisans of all sorts. In one room, whose doors were closed, the workmen were presumedly forging the golden chains of wedlock.

The office of the Universal Hymeneal, etc., of California, being on the top floor and the day being warm and sultry, a reporter in the last stages of exhaustion walked into the office, the door being ajar, and said "Good afternoon" to the association. The association sat in a chair well tilted back against the wall, its legs stretched out to good advantage, and its boots exposed to the cooling breeze that might have been wafted through the window, but was not. It had long legs—the association—and slim ones, attached to a body and head that have apparently seen the joys and sorrows of not less than twenty years. It was precisely like going into any of the big insurance companies offices—entering this room—in this respect, that the clerk on duty had nothing to do and did not seem particuarly anxious for business to brighten up. This one had more life about him, and a vast deal more politeness, than the average insurance clerk, but he was not exactly weighed down with work. As the reporter entered he took a reef in the port leg, lowered the starboard limb, and slewed around into a chair in front of the desk.

"Are you the Universal Hymeneal Association, of California?" the reporter asked.

"I am," the young man replied, with refreshing frankness; and he immediately began to handle several bundles of papers and to make other preparations for business. The reporter was compelled, however, to explain the nature of his errand, and to announce that he was not just at that moment comtemplating the taking out of a policy. Thereupon the young man produced a voluminous circular that shows with half a glance how any young man may secure $1,000 and a wife by the payment of $12 or $15 to this obliging company. Putting together what was gleaned from this circular, what was learned from the young man (who was the sole occupant of the office), and what was found in the column's of an extremely interesting and valuable newspaper called the Marriage Insurance Journal, the reporter is able to give the following summary of alleged facts concerning the first marriage insurance concern that has had the assurance to hang out its sign in this city:

To begin with, loss to members is impossible, for the circular says so in type too bold and black to be mistaken. The company is said to be incorporated in California, to be less than a year old, and to have the usual assortment of officers, none of the names being familiar on this side of the continent. Its object, so it is ably if not poetically stated, is "to improve the social, moral and intellectual condition of each one of its members who may become married while a member of the association, and at an expense within the reach of all. The admission fee is $8 for a one-thousand-dollar policy, payable upon marriage. This does not give the insured person a chance, however, to go off and marry his sweet heart at once and then claim his money. Any unmarried person between 10 and 75 years old can become a member, but she or he must have been a member of the association for four years. If he marry sooner than this he gets a few dollars, from $10 to $200, according to the time he has held a policy. The annual dues are only $4, which, anybody must admit, is cheap enough. But there was an innocent little paragraph in the prospectus that looked to the reporter wonderfully like the colored gentleman in the wood pile, if it had any meaning at all. "There shall also be paid into the corporation," it said, "such marriage assessments by each member as may be ordered from time to time by the Board of Directors by resolution entered in the minutes of the corporation." A Board of Directors coming from that part of the country where boards order up another assessment on mining stock every morning before breakfast might possibly be just a trifle too fond of ordering payments to suit the "members." No one thinking seriously of matrimony, however, and wanting a thousand or two, will let a trifle like this worry his mind. "There is hereby created a fund." the circular goes on to say, "to be known as the marriage assessment fund,' into which all marriage assessments shall be paid as they are collected from each member. All sums payable upon the marriage of a member shall be paid out of this fund." After a person has been a "member" for eight years no more assessments can be levied against him. So the scheme, as far as the overheated reporter was able to grasp it, is that an unmarried man or woman pays the association $12 initiation fee and $4 annual dues for four years, making 28 in all, and receives in return $1,000 just as soon as he marries after the expiration of the four years. That is simple enough. You pay the company $28 and they give you $1,000. Anybody who could ask for better terms than that must be utterly unreasonable.

"Seeing that the reporter was favorably impressed with the plan, the association (as represented in the young man) said it hoped he would come again and take a policy.

"By the way," the reporter inquired, in as innocent a fashion as possible, "what is the capital stock of the company?"

"We are doing a very good business," was the comprehensive reply, "though we are just getting started in this city. The main office is in San Francisco, and this is the general agency."

The circular, by a singular oversight, also neglected to name the capital stock. No doubt it was left out through an error of those miserable printers, who are always making blunders. The same careless printers have neglected to say who are the New York managers of the concern; they have only said in red ink, evidently put on with a rubber stamp, that the agency is on the top floor, and that it is open on Monday and Saturday evenings from 8 to 10 o clock There is something of a list of references, all Californians. Among them is the name of B. F. Sterett, steam book and job printer, San Francisco But the imprint of Mr. Sterett appears upon the circular, and he might possibly be just a trifle prejudiced by being given the company's printing. Another is "C. F. McGlashan, editor and proprietor Santa Barbara Daily Press, and author of 'The Fate of the Donner Lake Party." Still another is the Hon. Penumbra Kelly, of Multonomah county, Oregon. This last name alone is sufficient to give solidity to the enterprise, if nothing more.

The marriage insurance Journal is a neat but not gaudy sheet, published quarterly, and telling all about the plan of matrimonial endowment. It has a circulation of 100,000 copies, so the editor says, and a few extracts from it may not be altogether uninteresting. The first shall be in verse, and the reader will readily see in it a wonderful resemblance to the latest production of Mr. Tennyson:

"Join the ranks of the U. H. A. of C.,
And fondly dream of the wife to be."

Not entirely exhausted by this mental effort, the editor gives a little wisdom in prose. "We don't agree with St. Paul" he says: "Our motto is, 'To live single may be well, but to marry may be weller.' Invest in U. H. A. of C, and be a jolly fellow."

A tall, slender woman of very certain age, evidently a spinster, was reading the association's sign as the reporter went down stairs.

A SORT OF BREVET DEVIL.

Strange Power to Resist Fire Possessed by a Maryland Negro.

Nathan Coker is of pure African lineage, black as ebony and of stalwart frame. He is now somewhere between sixty and seventy years of age, and has resided all his life in the lower part of Tuckahoe Neck, Md. He has no knowledge of books—can not even repeat the alphabet—but is much above mediocrity in point of general intelligence and good, hard, cornfield common sense as compared with his race. When quite young he conceived the idea of becoming fire proof, and before he was twenty-five he was a veritable fire king. How he acquired the power to perform the feats of placing his hands and arms in a vessel of boiling water and keeping them there for ten minutes, licking a red hot shovel, holding in his mouth molten lead, and even swallowing it, as well as many other, more daring, without apparent injury, no one knows, nor has he ever revealed the secret. In fact, it is doubtful if he can himself explain the mystery, but he can and does handle bars of iron glowing with white heat, eat glowing charcoal made from hickory or oak wood, walks barefooted on a red hot bar of iron sixteen feet long, with perfect coolness and deliberation. The facts are attested by many respectable witnesses. He used to delight in frightening the ignorant and superstitious country people, to whom he was unknown, whenever he could find a crowd gathered around the stove in a village or country store, by stalking in, opening the stove door and running his hand down in the fire and deliberately taking a live coal in his fingers and coolly place it in his pipe and walk off.

He was at one time on exhibition, and his strange feats created considerable excitement, but owing to his dislike of notoriety and lack of education he retired from the stage. His power of resisting the effects of fire is singular, and has never, so far as I know, been explained though he has been examined by a number of scientific men. Many of the colored people, and in fact not a few of the whites, who had been taught by the crude theologians of fifty years ago to believe in a personal devil with horns, tail and cloven foot, whose kingdom was the bottomless pit, and who occasionally treated his refactory subjects to doses of molten lead, firmly believed, and perhaps some of them still believe, that Nathan was a sort of brevet devil himself.—[*Wilmington News*.

Terrible Engines of Destruction.

The British armored ship inflexible, now before Alexandria, carries four eighty-ton guns. Each is 27 feet in length, with a bore sixteen inches in diameter. The charge is 370 pounds of powder. The projectile is conical at one end, and four feet in length—nearly as large as two larger beer kegs placed end to end—weighs 1,700 pounds. These big guns are in revolving turrets, the whole moved by machinery, so exact and simple in construction that a child can control it. At an ordinary range the projectile will penetrate 20 inches of wrought iron.

The cotton in Obion county is not so forward as in the ordinary run of years, yet the growing plant has been making rapid strides in growth since the hot days in June, and will doubtless make almost an average yield, if not overtaken by an early frost, and blighted before full maturity.—[*Troy Banner*.

FREE COLUMN.

Advertisements Under the Heads of WANTED, FOR SALE, FOR RENT, &c., Of an acceptable nature, and not to exceed four lines, are free to all.

Mere Business Advertisements Not Inserted in These Columns Without Pay.

If answers fail to come the first time we invite a second, third, or as many repetitions as are necessary to secure what you advertise for. We wish the advertisers to feel that they are not imposing on us, but are doing us a favor by using our free columns, as we are determined to make

THE HICKMAN COURIER THE MEDIUM.

Through which the general public may always have their wants supplied.

FOR SALE.—A dwelling house, centrally located. Apply at Courier office.

FOR SALE.—A fine farm—well timbered, good improvements, 80 acre cleared land, &c.

H. H. WILSON.

FOR SALE—A dwelling house, in West Hickman. Apply to W. J. BROWN.

River Farm for Sale.

200 ACRES—between 85 and 90 acres cleared—other improvements, 4 miles below Hickman, on the Mississippi river. Address,

COURIER OFFICE,
Hickman, Ky.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MAGISTRATES COURTS.

1st District—Esq. Donaho, 2d Saturday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Hammond, 1st Saturday in same months.

2d District—Esq. Goar, 3rd Saturday in March, June, September and December, Esq. Kenady, 4th Monday in same months.

3rd District—Esq. Reed, 3rd Monday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Mayes, 4th Saturday in same months.

4th District—Esq. Dickinson, 1st Monday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Baynes, 4th Tuesday in same months.

5th District—Esq. Boaz, 1st Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Fields, 3rd Wednesday in same months.

6th District—Esq. Jones, 4th Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Thos. Bradshaw 2d Wednesday in same months.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge—H. C. Bailey.
County Clerk.—A. M. Debow.
Sheriff—W. C. Johnson.
Circuit Court Clerk—T. M. French.
Assessor—Jas. Cooper.
County Attorney—A. D. Kingman.
Jailer—Frank Thomasson.
Master Commissioner—Geo. Warren.
County Surveyor—Robert McConnel.
Coroner—
Circuit Judge—James Campbell.
Commonwealth's Attorney—C. Thomas.

COUNTY COURTS.

Fulton County Court—H. C Bailey, judge, held every 2d Monday in each month.

Fulton County Quarterly Court—H. C. Bailey, judge, held 4th Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Joseph Lewis, Chief Justice; Thos. F Hargis, Thomas Hines, and J. P. Pryor Judges.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—Alex. A. Faris.
City Judge—George Warren.
City Marshal—J. O. Barnes.
City Clerk—R. E. Millet.
City Treasurer—T. P. Fortune.
Marketmaster—J. O. Barnes.
City Tax Collector—B. R Walker.
Wharfmaster—J. O. Barnes.
Sexton—Peter George.
Councilmen—Chas. Baltzer, John W. Cowgill, Jas. W. Corman, T. M. French, Otto Hertweck, and B. C. Ramage.
Dis't. School Trustees.—R. E. Millet, H. G. Beckman and S. W. Lauderdale.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Chester A. Arthur.
Vice President—David Davis.
Sec'y of State—Theo. Frelinghuysen
Secretary Treasury—James Folger.
Secretary of War—Robt. Lincoln.
Secretary Navy—Wm. Chandler.
Secretary Interior—S. J. Kirkwood.
Postmaster General—Timothy O. How
Attorney General— —— Brewster.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Luke P. Blackburn.
Lt. Governor—J. S. Cantrell.
Secretary of State—James Blackburn.
Assist. Sec. of State—Thos. G. Harris
State Auditor—Fayette Hewitt.
Treasurer—James W. Tate.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin.
Register Land Office—Alph. Shelden.
Sup. Pub. Instruction—J. D. Pickett.
State Printer—S. I. M. Major.

DR. B. B. BLINCOE.

Having permanently located in the city of Hickman, I would respectfully solicit a share of practice of the citizens of Hickman and surrounding country. Having been a regular, practicing physician for 37 years, I belive I can give entire satisfaction to all who would please to give me a call.

B. B. BLINCOE.

POWELL & BROTHER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

PROPRIETORS OF

CITY MILLS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR,

MEAL, HAY, OATS, CORN, BRAN, FIELD SEEDS, &c.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. C. JUDGE,

(FRENZ'S OLD STAND.)

All kinds of

SPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MAAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS,

LIQUORS,

Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

☞ Will not be undersold.

Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

E. T. Gardner,

{ DEALER IN }

FURNITURE,

of all kind, CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BED SPRINGS, the new light running no. 4 Victor Sewing Machine. Wooden and Metalic Coffins furnished on short notice.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

Taken up as a stray by N. J. Davis, on the Moscow and Troy road eight miles of Hickman, and one mile north of McGehee cross roads in Fulton County, Ky., Eight BLACK SHOATS about six months old, marked with crop off of the left ear, and split and up per bit in the right. Valued at eight dollars. Given under my hand this March 22nd, 1882.

W. B. GORE, J. P. F. C.

W. DIESTELBRINK,

Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.

Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky

jan25 1y

New Grocery!

Stegala's Old Stand, Cliton Street. } HICKMAN, KY.

Mr. E. Scharfe,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

My Stock is New and Fresh. and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

LIQUORS!

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE BOUGHT.

☞ GIVE ME A CALL! ☜

SOMETHING NEW!

NEW GROCERY!
NEW GOODS!!
NEW STORE!!!
NEW MAN!!!!

EVERYTHING NEW!

MR. ROBERT NOLEN, announces to the public that he has opened a bran new stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

at the Metheny stand, Clinton St., and respectfully solicits a share of patronage.

☞ A specialty of Tobaccos, Cigars, Coffees and Sugars. se23 '81.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I haveno clerk expensss—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.

JOHN WITTING.

STAR SALOON

J. S. SHUPERT, proprietor, Clinton street, next door to Brevard's hardware store.

KEEPS the freshest and finest make of Beers. Call and see him.

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE,

KEeps fresh beer on tap, all the time, Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

JAMES KOGER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

REPRESENTING

B. S. RHEA & SON,

— OF —

Nashville, Tennessee,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, &c.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

J. D. Wade's Admr. Plff.
vs. } Equity.
His Heirs and Creditors, Dfts

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. D. Wade, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY OF JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, March 24, 1882.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

Wm. Barne's Adm'r., Pl'ff.
vs. } Equity.
His Heirs and Creditors Dfts

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Wm. Barnes, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY IN JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, Ky., Mar. 24, 1882.

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHOEA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, & etc.,

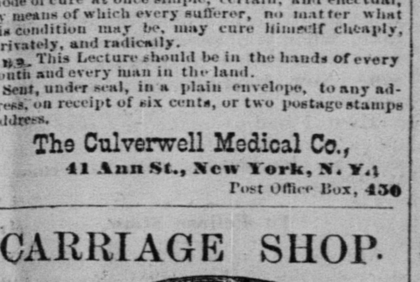
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.;
Post Office Box, 450

CARRIAGE SHOP.



HAving recently rented the shops occupied by W. T. Buckner, East Hickman, we would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity that we are prepared to renovate and repair Buggies, Carriages, &c., in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. Nothing but the best of material used in repairing work. Give us a trial Satisfaction guarnteed.

PARKER & WIEMER

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c., as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

JOHN KOSS.

The Shoe-Maker.

One of the best BOOT and SHOEMAKERS in Western Kentucky. Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REPAIRING done promptly and neatly.

CLINTON STREET, HICKMAN, KY.

BURIAL ROBES.

I have just received a fine assortment of the very latest styles of BURIAL ROBES, which are offered at low prices.

E. T. GARDNER.

2t.

Professional Cards.

B. F. O'DANIEL, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERvices to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

Office—Corner room in Laclede House.

W. T. Plummer, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERvices to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

Office—Corner room in Laclede House. mch14

DR. A. A. FARIS,

PHYSICAN AND SURGEON,

HICKMAN, — — KENTUCKY

OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

jan16-'80

DR. A. M. PARKER,

DENTIST

[Office in Millet Block.]

ALL operations performed in the most artistic manner. Special attention given to the regulation of childrens teeth.

july4-'79

H. A. & R. T. Tyler,

Attorneys at Law,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS entrusted to their care.

Office—Millet Block.

nev8-'78

C. L. RANDLE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collector, Real Estate Agent,

HICKMAN, KY.

☞ Will attend promptly to all business entrusted him in Southwestern Kentucky and Northwestern Tennessee. Special attention given to the investigation of Land titles, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate. [jan 8

C. Hughlette Wilson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HICKMAN, KY.

☞ COLLECTIONS promptly remitted

☞ Abstracts of titles a specialty.

IF YOU WANT A

NICE CLEAN SHAVE,

OR

HAIR FASHIONABLY CUT

CALL AT THE

"O K" BARBER SHOP

TO SEE

CHARLIE

FIELD SEED OF ALL KINDS,

Lime, Cement,

Land-Plaster,

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

mch4 BONDURANT & DREWRY.

Sale and Livery Stable.

Wm. B. Plummer,

KENTUCKY STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand for hire and sale

HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.

Thankful for patronage heretofore extended him, he solicits a continuance of same.

FRITZ SCHROEDER,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

SHOP—North West corner of Moscow and Troy Aveuues, East Hickman, Ky.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

may9 1y

CITY SALOON!

C. L. KISTNER, PROPRIETOR.

Union City, Tenn.

MR. C. L. KISTNER, formerly of Hickman, announces that he is now the owner and proprietor of the Hickman Saloon—Heinz old stand; and will keep in stock the finest brands of Liquors, Cigars, Lager Beer, &c., &c. Give him a call.

oct7-'81-3m

John G. Griffin,

Merchant Tailor,

HAS JUST RECEIVED BUTTERICK'S Report of latest Fall and Winter Fashions, and a large lot of samples of French, English and German goods.

Gentlemen are invited to call and examine. sept26

HICKMAN MARBLE WORKS

HICKMAN, KY.

B. C. Ramage,

DEALER IN

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine our work.

☞ Orders from the country promptly filled. may 26

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectioneries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will both suit them in price and quality. Call and see us. "Quick Sales and Small Profits. Won't be undersold [jan4tf

NOTICE.

We have set apart FRIDAY in each week, to do custom work in wheat at our Mill. Cannot do griss work in wheat, but will exchange flour for the wheat brought in small quantities. Those bringing 15 or more bushels will have all the advantages of our mill machinery, and get all their wheat will make according to quality of grain. Can grind corn in any quantity, or exchange as parties may prefer.

We want two good heavy set MULES 15 hands high, suitable for dray.

POWELL & BRO.
Hickman, Ky., June 21, 1882